

THE PACIFIC.

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE. WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY.

WHOLE No. 1131.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 25, 1873.

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Correspondence.

Editorial Correspondence.

From Honey Lake, we turned west, around the grand basaltic, precipitous elevation, which, as a vast wall, overhangs the edge of the town in that direction. Gradually, for a mile and a half, the road ascended, by a rather moderate grade, into the higher and forest regions of the mountains; then out on to what seemed a vast timbered plateau, for eighteen miles, varied only once by the crossing of a real romantic canyon of a small river, which had worn out a crooked channel between rugged, perpendicular basaltic walls fifty feet in depth, for a long distance. At eighteen miles we had unconsciously passed the edge of the great eastern and western water-sheds, and found a little stream running west. Another half mile, and we entered one of the remarkable natural meadows of these mountains, and here called Mountain Meadows. It is wonderful to enter the high, rich, grassy regions, in the midst of such mighty ruggedness and vast forests as are found surrounding them. These meadows are the head valleys of the Feather River. We judged these meadows, in their various, long and sprangling (we know no better word) branches, to contain, perhaps, seventy-five square miles of land. We suppose the whole is occupied by different claimants as ranches for cattle. There was but one good house on the road, and at this we put up over night. We were most pleasantly and luxuriously entertained by the worthy ranchman, Mr. M. Williams, who, with his intelligent wife and happy little infant, seemed to have a home a prince might be contented with.

The next day the road conducted us through another forest region much like that of yesterday, but gently descending to the west, till, in about twenty miles, we had come out into another vast meadow region much like the previous, only much larger, and varied with some remarkable peculiarities of its own. We judged it at least two hundred and fifty square miles in extent, interspersed with some quite large strips of forests. This, like the other, is all occupied for pasture and hay ranches, where perhaps the best butter in the western world is made. Their principal city, rather, only village, is Prattville, named from its able and energetic pioneer, Dr. Pratt. His family residence is a fine, large, airy, two-story hotel, with which there is no competitor for comfort in the whole region, except one, worthy of most honorable mention, that of Mr. Mundel, beautifully located nearly a mile east, just at the end of the long bridge across the Feather River. Each hotel is excellent, with every convenience; but at Prattville is the village growing up. Ten or twelve buildings make up its size.

But the great curiosity of this region is its wonderful springs. They make, with streams from Lassen's Butte, the great river of the Feather, clear up here at its head, perhaps three hundred feet wide and eight feet deep, running with only a moderate velocity. From under the very back edge of Dr. Pratt's house itself, one of these springs arises, where the water rushes out from beneath the basaltic rock, covering up the regions with such quantities as to form immediately a lake two hundred or more feet across, and three feet deep. Other springs, along for an eighth of a mile, each with a similar lake, send out streams which unite with this first spring, making almost a river, as a branch of the Feather, with which it unites after forming a romantically crooked channel-way through the rich, smooth meadows for nearly a mile. These waters abound with splendid trout; indeed, some have made it a business to catch them, for sale, at the rate of a ton and a half a week, with no apparent diminution of their numbers. In this spring of Dr. Pratt's are many singular algae, from the smallest size up to that of a ten-year-old boy's fist doubled up. They are, in resemblance, like little heads of cauliflower, growing from a central point equally in all directions.

But the most wonderful of all the springs in this region, if not in the world,

is one some six miles east of Prattville, and called Mammoth Spring. We never imagined before its equal anywhere. It must be from a half to three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and fully twelve feet deep through all its central portions. Its water is as clear as it seems possible for water to be, showing a pin at the bottom with the distinctness of air, but with a crystal-like feature of appearance from the refraction of light in the water. The bottom, where free from a mass of green growing algae, is a gray white sand, on which every clear white object appears beautified with the clearest colors of the rainbow. Through these clearest of waters schools of large trout speed on and away, as in mid-air. Up from the bottom of the deepest portions of this remarkable lake, in a hundred places, rose a vast amount of waters, boiling as from heated cauldrons below, the foam of which was only white sand, but all profoundly silent. But the most wonderful thing was, that all around the boiling portions, coming up to the very edge of the sand foam, were appearances like round, precious stones, deep blue through the refracting waters, varying to black sometimes in the sunlight, translucent, closely covering the bottom, and of a very uniform size, as large as the largest hen's egg. The most magically exciting we ever knew seemed the scene, strangely nervous, as alone, in a dug-out Indian canoe, we slowly, very slowly, rowed our way over this singular lake-spring. The great, dark forests come down to the edge on the east; the wide, grassy plain, cut by the large still river, flowing away, bordered with willows, lay to the west, and over the crystal lake gently floating, we sat in the little canoe, looking down through the clear waters below. We seemed to be exactly over the deepest portion, while, ever at a little distance, by refraction of light, the bottom seemed to rise in all directions to within two or even one foot of the surface, while the wonderful pebbles lay crowded together as a pavement of sapphire and opal, except where the silent, white, sand-foaming springs were incessantly forcing up their volumes of unseen waters—for the upheaving sand alone would be seen. There is nothing like it of which we have ever heard or read. At length, landing on the other side, we found a man who told us that he rarely told any one, that the pebbles were only bags of water. We determined to test this. Returning alone, we cut the largest willow pole we could get, leaving a few flat spreading twigs, shortened in at the end. Putting this down to move them we found they were only a little heavier than water, so that starting one up, and persevering in striking it from below, we finally brought it to the top and secured it. A second, also, was obtained with much difficulty, and we returned. Dissecting one we found it, as described, only a uniform body of water, with no root or stem, but with a portion within on one side of gelatinous substance like thick paste, yet with no definite organization. We brought the algae, for such it must be, dried, to San Francisco, as also some of those from the spring of Dr. Pratt, and on giving them to one of the two best botanists of the Academy of Natural Sciences, the opinion was expressed that probably they are a new species, or at least the one from the mammoth spring. s. v.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Holbrook.

EDITORS PACIFIC:—How time slips away! It seems but yesterday that I was dwelling on the Pacific Coast, and yet nearly a year has passed since I exchanged the pastorate at Stockton for my present position of Secretary of the New York State H. M. Society. During that time I have visited all parts of this great Empire State, and nearly all our missionary churches, attended the meetings of the local associations, and participated in several councils, written at the rate of two thousand letters per annum, and travelled several thousands of miles, besides attending to other matters pertaining to my office. So you see I have not been idle, and my place is no sinecure. But, notwithstanding these severe labors connected with my position I have enjoyed my work, and have reason to believe that I made no mis-

take in accepting the call to it. My sympathies have become deeply enlisted in behalf of those little bands of Christians who are seeking, amid much discouragement, to uphold the standard of the cross in the smaller towns and sparser settlements of this old state, and I am becoming more and more impressed with the importance of the home missionary work in this section of our land. I have shared in the cares, and plans, and toils of those who are prosecuting this work in the great Mississippi valley and on the Pacific coast, and I know how vast is the responsibility that rests upon them, but I feel now, as I never felt before, that the salvation of our country depends, in no small degree, on the thoroughness and success of the measures for the evangelization of the east. I have no less conviction of the greatness and necessities of the work to be done in the newer quarters of our land; but I have a far stronger conviction than ever before, that in our zeal for the safety of the outposts we must not leave the main fortress to fall into the hands of the enemy. But on this point I must not now dwell; it will be discussed elsewhere at no distant day.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

We are looking forward with no little interest to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, which is to be held in New York city, Oct. 2-10. It will be attended by some of the most eminent evangelical ministers of Europe, as well as of our own country. I have just seen the programme, and the subjects to be discussed, and the speakers designated must insure a meeting of great attractiveness and value. The bare sight of so many men of world-wide fame will compensate for a long journey to attend it. I hope to be there, as a looker-on and auditor.

Already, Dr. Parker, a delegate and a well-known Congregational minister of London, and author of "Ecce Homo," and "Ad Clerum," is in this country with a view to get some idea of the people and their institutions, but unfortunately he arrived in the season of vacations, when no one is at home in the cities, and he writes despairingly to the editor of one of the New York religious papers imploring him, if possible, to tell him what to do and how to accomplish his design!

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION

of this State, that was to have met at New York city, Oct. 21st, has been transferred to Homer on account of the Alliance. It will be fully attended and be an important meeting. The first anniversary of our State Home Missionary Society will be held in connection with it, when the whole subject of home evangelization in this state will come up for discussion, some modifications of the constitution be proposed, looking to greater efficiency, and the matter of increasing salaries of missionaries will be considered. There is a general feeling that the Presbyterians have moved in the right direction, and Vermont is following the lead. We ought, and probably shall, adopt some plan of increase. The interest in the home missionary work has been greatly augmented the past year by the organization and operations of our State Society.

THE ADIRONACKS.

I have just returned from a missionary tour of several weeks in Essex county, west of Lake Champlain, and the region of the now celebrated Adirondack mountains. It is different from the wild and mountainous sections of California, but not less unique and interesting. There are two gorges that begin to approach the Yosemite, viz: the Wilmington Pass and the Indian Pass. There is a road through the former, but scarcely a foot trail through the latter. Precipitous rocks rise on either hand, in one case 2,000 feet high.

From the summit of Whiteface I beheld a sight which, for sublimity and beauty, I never expect to see surpassed in this world. We were from 9 A.M. till 2 P.M. climbing it, and then the vision burst upon us with overwhelming power. On the east, some 40 miles off, lay at full length Lake Champlain, and beyond it the Green mountains of Vermont, with Mansfield and Camel's Hump

peaks. On each side running north and south, were the valleys of the Saranac and Au Sable rivers, while S.W., S. and S.W., were the noted summits of the Adirondacks, Marcy, Seward, McIntyre, the Giant, Hurricane, etc., and interspersed with more than twenty-five lakes, with smaller streams. At the very foot of the mountain on which we stood, lay in exquisite beauty, Lake Placid, rightly named, with its islands and wooded shores. Beyond, and some ten miles distant, lay North Elba, the home of John Brown, in full view of the clearing which constituted his farm and on which he lies buried.

I have been in Italy and Switzerland, in the Alleghenies, the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, and I have seen the sun rise while standing on Mt. Washington, of the White mountain group, but I have looked on no sublimer scene than that which greeted my vision from Whiteface. It differs from that beheld on Mt. Washington, in variety of streams, lakes, valleys and mountains, and the fact that there is so much more vegetation. From Mt. Washington all New England seems a mere collection of barren, rocky, mountain peaks, with scarce an acre of level land, but from Whiteface you see trees, trees every where, even to the tops of the mountains, and beautiful valleys, lakes, and rivers intermixed. But I cannot dwell. Who can but hope the project will be successful of reserving all the great wilderness in and around the Adirondack region, for a State Park forever, and a breathing place and resort for the dwellers in the great cities of the east. I vote for it with all my heart. There are "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," and theological lessons in "the everlasting mountains," of which that peculiar portion of our state is made up for those annually visiting that region.

Leaving home on Monday, and stopping to do some work on the way, I reached Saratoga one evening, and spent a day in the very height of the season, in this "Vanity Fair." It was entertaining beyond description to walk the streets at night or sit on the piazzas of the great hotels, the whole village brilliantly illuminated with gas, and watch the immense throng of people, scan their dresses, and see the parade. At 5 o'clock P.M. is the time for riding and seeing the splendid turnouts. Here, too, is the place to meet all the notables of the land, lawyers, politicians, clergymen and millionaires. We have a Congregational church there.

Taking the Adirondack railroad at Saratoga in the morning, we rode through a new and picturesque region, past the head of Lake George to Schroon Lake on the southern edge of the Adirondack region, on which a steamboat ride of ten miles took us to Schroon village, where I spent a Sabbath with a missionary church. This is becoming a place of resort for pleasure-seekers. From here the direct route would have been north to Elizabethtown, and thence into the mountains. But I turned aside to visit Ticonderoga, twenty-two miles east, lying between Lakes George and Champlain, taking a run by steamer to the head of Lake George and back, and spending a Sunday with our church at "Ti." The ruins of the old fort still remain.

From "Ti," tourists take the splendid steamers on Lake Champlain for Montreal, or to Burlington for the White mountains, or to several ports on the west shore, from whence they penetrate the Adirondack country. My business took me to several points on the lake, with excursions to places where we have churches in the interior of the country, and a considerable distance into the Adirondacks.

Among other places, I was at North Elba, where John Brown lived and was buried, and visited his grave, as do hundreds of tourists every year. The farm has been purchased and is held by some of his admirers, and his body

"Lies a-mouldering in the ground,"

in an enclosure in the front yard of the house, while

"His soul is marching on."

Our missionary preaches once in four weeks in school-houses within sight of

this spot. The Brown family once belonged to the Congregational church in North Elba, but are all gone now, the widow being a resident of northern California.

After upwards of four weeks' absence from home, and a laborious, though, in many respects a pleasant tour among the churches in Essex county, I returned to my home again, invigorated and refreshed. During my trip I preached every Sunday, visited every church of our denomination, started subscriptions for the erection of two new houses of worship, supplied one destitute field with a minister, and made partial arrangements for the supply of several others, gained some new inspirations for myself, and, I trust, imparted some to the brethren, lay and clerical, with whom I came in contact. I find far less leisure for newspaper writing than I did when a pastor, and now only send off this hasty epistle in fulfillment of my promise when I left California to write occasionally for the PACIFIC. Yours,

JNO. C. HOLBROOK.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 1st, 1873.

Part of a Sermon by Rev. F. R. Girard, of Reno, Nevada.

To the undecided among my people, I can only say, that if I were to write a volume to them, it would consist almost entirely of warning: the word, "beware," seems peculiarly to suit such a halt between two opinions on such a subject so momentous as salvation. Your sin, too, is fearfully heightened by the fact that you are enlightened and instructed in the way of righteousness; you know what is right, but you don't do it; you assent to a preached gospel, but are not savingly influenced by it. Your case I consider to be dangerous in the extreme: the hardening process may be silently but surely going forward in your bosom. The tenderness of a Savior's love, if resisted, will every day lose more of its novelty and of its power to touch the heart. The habit of resistance to the word and testimony of a beseeching God will every day become more predominant; the strong heart will every day become more a heart of adamant; the triple brass of unbelief will every day become more impene-

table. O, my friends, it is fearful to think how many of us are every hour subjecting our hearts to this sure and silent process of hardening. O, it is the saddest of all sights that a minister can behold, to see his flock, Sabbath after Sabbath, waiting most faithfully on the stirring ministrations of the word, and yet going away unawakened and unimpressed; for well he knows that the heart that is not turned is all the more hardened.

Beware, I beseech you, of the doom of him who was almost persuaded, but who went no further.

What would Agrippa give now, that he had been decided for God when in this world? "God's spirit will not always stay with man."

There are far too few downright, decided followers of Christ as yet in our congregation. I feel this greatly as a pastor, and I am truly humbled before my God because of it; and so I ought, for I am much to blame for want of fervent faithfulness, urgent pressure, and incessant diligence and prayer; still, I do not yet find my flock complaining that the tone of our ministry is too low, the gospel too weak. Let me then, now at the beginning of our church history, as we have just completed our beautiful new church, urge to speedy decision. Could the silent tenants of the tomb speak to the living, they would say, "Be decided." Could the ruined and lost utter a cry from their dark dungeons, they would say, "Be decided." Every toll of the funeral bell says, "Be decided." Beware then, beloved, lest any of you fall into the pit; if you do, your blood cannot be required at my hands—I have warned you, and the trumpet sound has been understood by most of you.

The Lord be with each of you, this church year, in peace, and mercy, and love; sustain you amidst all needful difficulties; guiding you amidst all perplexities, soothing and sanctifying you amidst all sorrows, preserving you amidst

all backsliding; forgiving all your iniquities, healing all your diseases, and crowning you with loving kindness and tender mercy. My love be with your spirits. The grave of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God our Father, and the communion of the holy spirit, be with all now and forever. Amen.

How it Seems!

An American missionary lady in Constantinople, sometimes from her experience, has had recalled to her mind scenes she used to witness in San Francisco, when a poor, unoffending Chinaman was the subject of taunts, curses, and sometimes blows, from those who considered themselves infinitely superior in position and privilege.

As she sometimes, in passing quietly along a street, hears from a group of smart boys, a prolonged yell of the appellations—"Ingles," "Frank," "Protestant," accompanied by witty remarks, and sometimes blows, from those who considered themselves infinitely superior in position and privilege.

And when her pupils, passing orderly along to church, are made the recipients of a pan of water, or of tomato parings from a window, she feels again the loss of respect for the natives that a Chinaman may feel when stealing his way, in a land full of chapels to the known God, to a chapel that may be burned down before he can visit it again, because he has worshipped in it.

And when a little upstart of a child—girl at that—picks up a stick two yards long, and brings it down on the "Christian dog's" shoulders, she wonders what she should do if she were not a Christian, and not in a land devoted to false religions.

The last time she was thus assailed, these meditations were suddenly interrupted by the resolve to see fair play, and seizing the stick as it fell on her shoulder, she sent it on a similar errand over the thinly-clad shoulders, which made their owner recoil in astonishment at such a want of meekness on the part of a foreigner, and run down the hill with so great a momentum that it is doubtful if she has yet been able to stop.

The event converted the urchins of that neighborhood to respectful conduct,—it may be concluded that if John Chinaman would spunk up more, and show tit for tat, as far as treaties, both written and unwritten, go, the result would be favorable, both to the Christian and heathen nation. The command is to be "wise as serpents" that recoil in deadly folds upon the arm that would crush—as well as "harmless as doves."

RUMORED.—The *Advance* says it is rumored that Rev. Minot J. Savage, late of Hannibal, Mo., and called to Indianapolis, is about to accept a call to the Third Unitarian Society in Chicago.

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Religious Miscellany.

Bishop Harris' Party.

BY W. A. SPENCER.

Here we are at last, having arrived on July 8, by the steamer *Great Republic*, twenty-one days from San Francisco.

We had an unusually pleasant voyage with no storm during our trip. As the ship is among the very largest on the Pacific, being three hundred and eighty-seven feet long, we had very little tossing on so quiet a sea. Still some perverse people would be sea-sick, even though they were without excuse. The number of first-class passengers was small, and each one had a room to himself. A very pleasant set of officers, with Captain Howard in command, and excellent accommodations and fare, made even the monotony of sea voyage pass pleasantly. A good library and sociable passengers were companionship desirable when for twenty-one days we saw no vessels and no land. Captain Howard, formerly of the United States navy, paid us every attention that could aid to our comfort. Usually the Episcopal service is used on board these steamers, but the captain committed the services entirely to Bishop Harris, and we had a delightful time in our Sunday services.

Through we went to sea on Monday, and were three weeks at sea, we had only two Sundays and a half, or strictly speaking only two. As we reached the longitude of one hundred and eighty degrees on Sunday morning, the day was called Monday, and we had thirteen days in that week instead of seven, counting from Sunday to Sunday. Of course we kept Monday just the same as Sunday, and had Church services, Bishop Harris preaching to a very attentive congregation. The last Sabbath at sea, we were having service, Dr. Waugh preaching, when at Chicago it was five o'clock Saturday afternoon. At six in the evening, July 8th, we met the steamer *Japan* homeward bound, and sent letters home, and at eleven o'clock came to our anchorage at Yokohama. We were in sight of land over seven hours before reaching port, and might have seen the mountain over one hundred miles if the weather had been clear. As we came to anchor and sent up our signal rocket, a cannon on shore announced the arrival of a mail steamer, and we were soon at rest. The lights of the city and shipping were very pleasant to our eyes, and we were glad to sleep. Before daylight, most of the passengers were up, and at daybreak the water was swarming with small boats waiting to take passengers ashore.

These boats, called sampans, have two men each, and are merely narrow shells with peculiar oars, quite crooked, with which the boatmen scull their boats along quite swiftly. All around our steamer these little sampans were anchored with little wooden anchors, with a stone tied to the anchor to give it sufficient weight. Each sampan has a little flag with a number on it, and when any one desired to go ashore they called out *shindo*, the Japanese for boatman, and the sampans came up in regular order. The dress of the "shindos" could hardly be called picturesque, though it was certainly cool and novel to us. Some of them wore very little, being almost entirely nude, while others were covered with very thin stuff, with a great variety of strange figures upon them. The shaved heads readily distinguished the Chinese from the Japanese, as well as the difference in dress, as the Chinese shave all the head except a little for a queue, while the Japanese do exactly the opposite, shaving only a small strip on the top of the head. Commander Nelson, of the United States navy, came on board our vessel to call on the bishop, and took us ashore in his gig. Having sent our baggage by a sampan to the custom house, we found it at the hotel when we arrived, and we were soon settled down and at our ease. The streets were full of strange sights, and we commenced slowly to realize that we were in Japan. The streets are very narrow and clean, and are full of conveyances such as are never seen in America. Many of the foreign officers and merchants have little carriages with little Japanese ponies, which very much resemble Mexican mustangs, the carriages, principally two wheeled, with a betto or footman running alongside. The ordinary method of travel, however, is by a kind of an overgrown baby-car called a *girikaksha*, which means *man-power wagon*, a two-wheeled covered cart drawn by one or two men, who run along the streets in the hottest weather about as fast as horses ordinarily travel in a city, perhaps a little faster than a street-car. In every part of the city you can find sheds or stations where these carts are kept, and for about twenty-five cents an hour you can go anywhere you please provided you know enough topography and Japanese to direct your *girikaksha*. When we had mastered enough words to manage our movements we were able to get around very pleasantly.

The first day we felt some scruples about making beasts of burden of our fellowmen, but a little traveling in the hot sun reconciled us to the prevailing mode of travel, and the first night we were ashore we went to prayer-meeting in a distant part of the city in this way. I wish our friends at home could have seen our procession as, mounted in *girikakshas*, each coolly carrying a paper lantern, some nine or ten persons started off to prayer-meeting. Besides Bishop Harris and party, were some Wesleyan missionaries from Canada, and when we reached our destination we found a number of missionaries of various Churches joined in sweet fellowship, blending their prayers and

praises. These meetings are held weekly at the house of Mrs. Prun, an American lady, who is conducting the only girls' school as yet in Japan under any of the missionary societies, and I understand that this one is supported out of her own private means, at least in part. It is under the auspices of the Women's Union Foreign Missionary Society, and is doing a blessed work. In addition to Mrs. Prun are three or four ladies of like blessed zeal who are aiding in the school and missionary work. The day-school for native and Eurasian children, the boarding-school for young ladies, and other work of similar character, make up the complex bundle of activities in which these Christian ladies are striving to bless Japan. A union Church has already sprung up from the seed they have planted, and much good is being done. The missionaries of all the Churches are heartily one in spirit, and sing with enthusiasm, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Many difficulties beset the missionary work here just now, and men who are not on fire might feel somewhat discouraged. The country is in an unsettled condition. At the south the disturbances still continue, and in the interior there is a great deal of smoldering discontent, only awaiting the breath of some prominent leader to kindle it into the flame of open revolt and a formidable rebellion. The people are very poor, and the tax to make public improvements is necessarily great in proportion to the means of the people. This of itself would awaken discontent. In addition to this, however, is the bitter prejudice of the common people against foreigners, and their willingness to ascribe the public improvements, and consequent high taxation, to the presence and influence of foreign ideas. To add weight to this anti-foreign prejudice the influence of the old nobility is given, who have lost so much by the liberal movements of the empire. Still more embarrassing is the vacillation of the government, evincing a failure to intelligently comprehend the necessary consequences of its own policy. Having advanced so far, it can not reasonably change its line of march without much danger. A year ago, Christians were promoted to the various positions of the new educational system, but now the order has just been issued that no more Christians are to be employed, and some already in the work are notified that their services will no longer be needed. The plan of the Government seems to be now to secure teachers who have no leanings toward Christianity, but are skilled in the sciences of nominally Christian lands. There is a great desire for the advantages of education which spring from the Bible, without receiving the Bible or its religion. The object of the government seems to be a strict neutrality as to religion. All this enmity is likely to aid rather than retard our missionary work here, as it is relieving ministers from secular offices so that they may devote their entire time to the purely religious work of teaching the Bible and preaching salvation to the natives. Our mission thus will profit by the aid and example of those longer established, and commence as a purely spiritual mission. Dr. Maclay is the right man in the right place, and will soon master enough Japanese to enable him to do good service in public and private.

There are many points of similarity between Chinese and Japanese, and a large number of Chinese words are used by the Japanese. Providentially for our mission, the pronunciation of these words is exactly that of the Poochow dialect, which Dr. Maclay already understands. So it is probable that he will master the Japanese in about one third the usual time, and very soon be able to use the Japanese language fluently. The time too is exceedingly favorable. The nation is aroused on the question of the Christian religion, and increased attention is given to it on account of the bitter opposition which is already awakened. Many, very many are ready to seek for the truth. They have abandoned their idolatry and are seeking light. Some of the earnest missionaries are continually over-worked from the constant effort to teach those who are inquiring the way. Never in the history of Japan has there been such a demand for evangelistic labor, with such prospect of immediate success.

May God stir up the Church to pray and labor for Japan. We must build churches and furnish missionaries, and no one may forget the rapidity with which the blessed work shall spread from city to city. Yokohama, Japan, July 11, 1873. —Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"Never an Encouraging Word."

'He never speaks an encouraging word to us,' said a servant of Mr. Towne. 'Is that so?' 'You may try your life out to please him, and he never speaks an encouraging word. It is life under the harrow there, and so I have left.'

His children cannot leave home. He has two boys. They are sometimes at work in the garden, pulling up weeds, cutting the grass, making martin-houses and windmills. They put no heart in their work; it is dull and spiritless. They are forever haunted with a future fear. Try as they may, and try they do, their father never encourages them.

Nothing but a dismal drizzle of fault-finding falls from his lips. A sound scolding, a genuine cuffing when they deserve it—and children know they deserve it sometimes—like a thunder-storm, purifies the air and makes everything better and brighter. Then the clouds clear away, and the gladdening sunshine follows.

That is not Mr. Towne's way. He is never thunder and lightning and over with it, not he; but a perpetual drizzle, dark, damp, murky. Nothing pleases, nothing suits him. Putting his eye on his boy is a mark of ill-favor. Every child dreads his gaze, shuns it, is ill at ease, awkward, squirming, until it wriggles out of the way and is gone. There are no glad voices in his presence; no outspoken, frank, honest utterances; only hesitation, in consequence, self-contradiction; for fear always beclouds the brightest mind and simplest heart.

There is no use telling it before father the boys say, in bringing home a bit of news or a tale of adventure.

But worst of all, 'There is no use in trying,' as they often say. And the disheartenment will presently merge into indifference, possibly into something more active. They will run away. Evil speaks pleasantly! At least, and many a young person has turned from home and sought other companions for no other reason. The heart, with all its warm impulses, and with them its sense of short-coming and incompleteness, needs enlargement—must have it in order to grow strong.

'Not an encouraging word from father! Poor boys! Bridger can leave; they can't.'

Nor can his wife leave. Poor woman! She is a brave woman, too. What a hopeful smile she often wears. It is because she will bear up; and smile she must, an answering smile to the love of friends, the courtesy of society, the beauty of flower and grass, and the slant sunshine through the trees.

But there is no joy within. Home is a joyless spot; for her most careful house-wifery there is never an encouraging word; for the taste and grace with which she tries to make home attractive there is never an encouraging word.

The glance of her husband's eye only takes in what happens to offend; the word of his mouth only expresses what he finds, and these are faults, spots, something forgotten or overlooked. She dreads him, she fears him, she shrinks from him. There is no freedom or sunshine in his presence.

Perhaps in her yearning woman's heart she has longed for his return, forgetting or forgiving in his absence the small tyranny of his exacting spirit; but the thrill of his coming is soon deadened—'no encouraging words,' and she silently slips out of his sight to swallow her disappointment and heart-breaking alone.

There is a sense of misery in the house which no stranger can detect. Perhaps this is too positively expressed; it is rather an absence of joy; everything spontaneous and cheerful and glad is held in check. A minor tone runs through the family life, depressing to every one. The prints of an iron hand are on every heart.

'Never a word to encourage!' slipped unawares from her lips once. It does not seem much; but who that has felt it does not know that it is the secret of many a joyless childhood, many a broken spirit!

THE GRACE OF GLADNESS.—One spring of gladness is wholesome, noble work. No man is glad when living to himself. Man is made for the life of communion; the perfect form of human life was the life which found its blessedness in giving itself to mankind. There is physical gladness in the glow of a healthy body. That glow is the fruit of energetic action. Thus, sluggards, laggards, know nothing of the physical joy of life. Work for God, work for man, work that is twice blessed, which blest him that gives and him that takes, is the correspondent condition of a vigorous, glowing health in the spiritual sphere. The old monks were glad because their lives were fruitful. I speak of their best days; they became the laziest and dreariest men in Christendom. But when the institution was young, they had work on hand which they believed the world would rejoice in. They believed themselves the saviors of society; that by their toils, their tears, their prayers, they were helping it, beyond the powers of kings and captains to help it; that their uplifted hands kept heaven's gates open; that their constant service was a heaven's ladder by which angels of God descended upon the world. Let loose the wings of your loving ministry; stir your soul to some work which shall scatter blessings. If you would taste joy, fresh and pure from its fountain, do good, be ready to communicate. It is this which makes the soul instinct with vigor, aglow with health, and radiant with joy. Man is a crippled, half-developed being, until his unselfish ministry is drawn forth. When he has tasted the joy of doing good, he is like the lame after Peter's touch; he goes out into a great temple of life, walking and leaping and praising God. Try it. If life is sad, make it glad by service; service that strains your power, that a higher power only can make you strong enough to render. But here we touch the deep perennial fountain of gladness—the joy of the Holy Ghost. The joy of man who believes that God is with him is exuberant, irrepressible. The delight of doing the will of God, to those who have tasted it, masters all other joy. 'My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.'—London Congregationalist.

COTTONWOOD SUGAR BARRETS.—The Sacramento Valley Beet Sugar Company are having the barrels to hold this year's product of sugar manufactured in this city from native cottonwood timber. The barrels present a most pleasing appearance, the wood being white and firm and without any odor of any kind that can be imparted to the sugar.—Record.

SELECTING A WIFE.—We have heard of this test being applied to servant girls, but John Starkley was the man who applied it to the selection of a wife. The Starkleys and the Belknaps had been friends through several generations. In the present generation there was in the Starkley family one son, and in the Belknaps there were five daughters; and it had been arranged between the parents that the heir of the Starkleys should take him a wife from among the daughters of Belknaps. John, the heir aforesaid, at the age of five and twenty had returned from his travels, when his father bade him select from among the daughters of the friendly house the one he would have for a wife. John was a dutiful son, and his heart was whole, and as the maidens were all fair to look upon, he accepted the situation, determined to master it if possible.

John spent several evenings in the company of the young ladies, and it was difficult to decide which was the most charming, though his fancy rested most lingeringly upon the youngest—not that she was the handsomest, but she appeared the most sensible.

One day John was invited to dinner, and in advance of the family he made his way into the hall, and threw a broom upon the floor directly across the passage to the dining-room. By and by the summons sounded for the meal, and John watched for the result. The eldest daughter stepped over the broom loftily. The second went around it. The third gave it a kick from her path. The fourth gave it an extra kick. The fifth—the youngest—stooped and picked the broom up, and took it to a far corner of the room and set carefully out of the way.

And John selected the meek-eyed, fair-haired maiden who had thus stood the test, and he never had occasion to regret his choice. She proved to be a wife who looked well to the ways of her household, and her heart had no lack of faith and love.

DISCOURAGED MINISTERS.—There are too many promising young ministers whose faith fails them, as did that of John Mark, in the first apostolic missionary tour. They are discouraged by the numerous obstacles always lying in the path of one who sets himself actively to war against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and turn aside to less wearisome and better paid positions, in some form of secular business. They may gain in some respects, by such a course, but how much they lose! The late venerable and devoted Heman Bangs was permitted to endure an active and self-sacrificing ministry of nearly sixty years, and during this period, in his various places of labor, to win to the Christian fold more than ten thousand souls! We heard him once state that, at a camp meeting in the later years of his life, he met a lawyer who had stood on the outside of the circle of worshippers, during a sermon which he preached at the appearance of the gentleman, after the sermon was over, he approached him, and entered into conversation with him. The lawyer seemed quite eager to unbosom himself to the kindly old minister. He told him of his profession, of his success in it, of his wealth, of his fine residence; but with a look of indescribable agony, he added, 'In spite of all this, I live in splendid misery.' He was converted in early youth, and was strongly impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to prepare himself to preach the gospel. After a course of study he entered the ministry, and as a young man, was sent to small stations, and poor circuits where the labor was severe, and the salary hardly enough for the most economical livelihood. The trial was too serious for him. He retired from his work, entered upon a course of legal studies, found his way into a remunerative professional business, but lost his spiritual life and enjoyment. His home was now desolate; wife and children had been buried, and he could only describe his condition by saying he was 'splendidly miserable.' The earnest old evangelist with deep feeling compared his own life, with all its sacrifices, with that of this man who had betrayed his trust. Hundreds have turned aside in the same way, without realizing equal success, but with a fellowship in his regrets, and bitter wretchedness of spirit.

PROCESS OF PRESERVING MEAT.—An excellent method of preserving meat consists in cutting it into thin slices, and drying in a current of warm air not exceeding 140°. The operation should be completed in three or four hours, in which case the product is hard, and may be easily be ground to a mill, when it is in a condition fit for use. For making soup, two ounces of this meat-powder, boiled, with the usual ingredients, in sixteen ounces of water. Half a pound of this powder if stirred into the proper quantity of water, with the addition of an egg, may be treated exactly as if it were the best fresh meat. It is a valuable substance in cases of weakness, where stimulating food is required, as it is more easily digested than raw meat.—Harper's, for July.

Not long ago the engineer of a passenger train on the Rondout and Oswego Railroad, soon after his train left Shokan for Rondout, observed a woman on the track swinging her apron wildly. As quickly as possible he blew down brakes, and the greatest excitement ensued. When the train stopped, the conductor ran forward to the woman, and enquired what the matter was.

'Wall, says she, 'I'll tell ye, handin' the conductor a basket. 'We'm' goin' ter hev company to-day, 'en I thought you'd jess as lief run the store down ter Rondout, and git me half-a-peck of pertaters, and drop 'em when you come back!'

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Literary Notices.

PERIODICALS.—The *London Quarterly*, Leonard Scott Pub. Co., 140 Fulton St., New York. The first article discusses the present state of English poetry. It objects to Mr. Tennyson's un-English compounds, such as "lily-cradled," "bridge-broken," "tip-titled." It says Mr. Browning's blankverse is "only distinguished from prose by its jerks and spasms." A review of the History of the Church of France, by W. H. Jervis, opens a rich and instructive field of research. Scotchmen will turn with eager interest to a third paper on Celtic Scotland. Mrs. Grote's memorial of her husband receives a full notice. Two pieces of antiquarian and local interest are entitled, "Dartmoor," and "Harold of Norway." In the review of Fitz James Stephens and other writers on liberty, equality and fraternity, we find the following questions put: "Whether, in short, the proverb that when two ride on one horse, one must ride behind, is or is not, the best and briefest expression of the natural and irreparable law of marriage." Debating societies will do well to take this question in this shape. We have three more papers in this (July) number, one on Beaumarchais, one on the Shah of Persia, and the third on "Lessons of the French Revolution." Little's *Living Age* reprints all the time the best papers published in the European periodicals.—The *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* for September has its usual variety of discussions and facts pertaining to the medical art.—We receive the *National Protestant*.—The *International Review* is the title of a proposed new periodical, to be under the editorial charge of Prof. John M. Leavitt. The plan proposes as its object "the sifting and telling treatment of great questions of our age and country, literary, social, national, religious," but "while fearless and progressive," it "shall never assail the divine authority of the scriptures, or the supremacy of our Constitution over a united Republic." It will not "address merely scholars and divines, but furnish guidance and information in pleasing and popular forms, to practical men in business and the professions." The title, "International," is justified by the engagement of able European writers. For the first number the following contributors have been secured: Ex-President Wooley, President McCosh, Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Prof. J. E. Hilgard, Gen. F. A. Walker; and in Europe, Prof. W. B. Carpenter, and Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P., London, and Dr. Franz von Holzendorff, of Berlin.

NOTES.—The *Independent* is running a short and effective campaign against the Augustinian (Princeton) doctrine of original sin. It claims that nine-tenths of the Congregationalists, all the new school division of the re-united Presbyterians, and—despite the *Christian Advocate*—the majority of Methodists, reject the theory of inherited guilt.—Mr. John Stuart Mill was a regular field botanist, and cultivated the subject with a view to its important mental advantages; and his great work on logic took a form which could not have been given it if the author had not been a working naturalist as well as a logician.—S. Wells Williams, the oldest inhabitant among the foreigners in China, and Secretary of the United States Legation, has just finished his Dictionary of the language. It is the result of forty years' labor, and contains explanation of 12,500 Chinese characters.—A life of Washington is announced by a Yedo publisher. This literary novelty is brought out in no less than forty-four volumes in the Japanese characters, and is profusely illustrated in the highest style of art. Washington is represented in the clothes and fashion of the present day, and with a mustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied by a sky-terrier. He is gazing at a lady with a train, a Grecian bend, and a hideous water-fall.

EDUCATIONAL.

OUR GERMAN SCHOOL.—An American who is now in Germany, gives in the *Observer* the following picture of a school in "Fatherland." We hope this is not the best view of German schools: "The school our boys attended was recommended by the banker. It was one of the largest in the place. There the German boys swore and fought, and woe to the boy who would not fight, or who was deficient in strength. The undermasters kept sticks, with which they hit the German boys on the head—a thing of daily occurrence. The big boys, in their turn, beat the smaller ones. One small fellow, lying sick in bed, was struck by a big German in the face, so as to make the blood flow. The Principal of the school took no notice of

it, until the mother of the boy was also informed of it by me. The food was insufficient in quantity, and very poor in quality. It consisted of black bread, which, however, is very common in respectable families, tough beef, half-cooked ham, and sausages *always*. The sleeping-rooms were crowded with as many beds as they could contain. In winter there were double sashes, and at night the doors of the bedrooms were shut, and the openings over the doors closed. No air could get in or out, for they never have any fire-places, *always* stoves. To make things worse, some of the boys smoked in bed while the teachers were gone to the theater. Here the boys panted for breath, rolled up in something like a feather-bed—no sheets or blankets, except they were especially provided for. Other conditions of things were simply barbarous, quite destructive of all refinement or good manners, for at the table both teachers and scholars would comb their hair and shy hunks of meats and sausage at each other.

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE. The students in attendance during the year numbered 216, an increase of 19 over the attendance of the previous year. Of these, 81 are Armenians, 38 Greeks, 35 Bulgarians, 25 English, 7 Americans, 6 Jews, 5 Italians, 5 Germans, 5 Turks, 2 Dalmatians, 2 French, 2 Dutch, 2 Poles, and 1 Prussian. It is a remarkable fact that, though the students are from fourteen different nationalities, very few are the jealousies among them. They treat each other with respect and kindness. The teachers have done a great work in stirring so strong a desire for advance in what makes a true education. The institution has two departments, the preparatory and collegiate. Of the 216 students who were in the institution the past year, 75 were in the preparatory department, and 141 in the collegiate department.

PHILLIP'S EXETER ACADEMY.—In our notice of the great academies, we did not give an account of Phillip's Exeter, a catalogue of which we have since received. It had last year 162 students, all preparing for college, in four classes. We notice four California boys at this school. Tuition is sixty dollars a year. Board is from \$3 to \$6 and \$8 a week.

ITEMS.—The library of the Rochester Theological Seminary has received a gift of \$25,000 from John M. Brace, Esq., which makes about \$125,000 added to the productive funds of the Seminary within the last six months.—Rev. Dr. Eliphaz Potter was formally inaugurated president of Union College at the late commencement, and the Alumni pledged themselves to raise \$100,000 for the college.—The late Rufus Dodge, of Beaver Dam, Wis., has bequeathed \$5,000 each to Fox Lake Female College, Ripon College, and Beloit, and \$20,000 to establish a female seminary at Beaver Dam.—The Rev. Abraham Jaeger, a convert to christianity, and the author of the recent and much-praised work, "Mind and Heart in Religion," has accepted the position of Assistant Professor of the Hebrew Language in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

THE UNIVERSITY TERM.—This commences on the 24th, at Berkeley. A visit to their admirable adaptation to their end. The south college has cost about \$200,000, and the north about \$90,000. The Regents have decided not to build houses for the Professors. Several buildings have been erected by individual owners near by during the last few weeks. We may now confidently expect Berkeley to grow, and the prospects are more hopeful than for a long time. Prof. S. Jones has, it is said, resigned his Professorship, at least he has received an invitation elsewhere, at the East. There is an ample opportunity now for men who desire to do the students a favor and the state a good, to provide homes, churches, and to exert a wholesome influence in various ways.

UNION COLLEGE.—The new chapel and Alumni Hall at Union College, whose foundations were laid a dozen years ago, are now approaching completion, and will be open for use long before next year's Alumni gathering. The cost of the building will reach \$60,000. A gymnasium, in the rear of the South College, is also nearly finished. The President's new house, the fruit of the liberality of Mr. Joseph W. Fuller, of Troy, is just finished. Extensive additions to the philosophical apparatus and library have been made, and are going on. Forty thousand dollars have been given by Hon. Clarkson N. Potter and Mr. Howard Potter, \$10,000 by James Brown, all of New York, and \$10,000 by Mr. Fuller, for this purpose. The fund reaches \$100,000. Hon. R. M. Blatchford, long a trustee of Union College, has just donated to the library of the college the sum of \$10,000.

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INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, THE HEART.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE, CHILLS, RHEUMATISM.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is more than French Brandy or Seltzer as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is no more remedial agent in this world than will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers, Cholera, and all other Fevers, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by use of application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Inflamed, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
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HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
STRONG AND PURE BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
IS THE MOST ASTONISHING CURE;
SO QUICK, SO RAPID, AND SO EFFECTIVE
THAT THE BODY UNDERGOES A COMPLETE
RENEWAL OF ITS TRULY WONDERFUL
MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh
and Weight is Secured, and
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material, and cures all diseases of the system, such as Rheumatism, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst form of skin disease, Eruptions, Fever, Scars, Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancer in the Breast, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sleep, and all wastes of the life principle, and cures all diseases of the system, such as Rheumatism, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst form of skin 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THE PACIFIC.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1873.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, devoted to Religion, Education and General News, under the auspices of the General Association of California.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—For one year, \$4.00. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. If not paid during the year, \$5.00.

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All communications on business should be addressed to C. A. Klose, Box 2348, San Francisco. Publication office Corner Clay and Sansome.

The Congregational Club meets every Monday at 1.30 P.M., at the library room of the first Cong. church edifice, cor. of Post and Mason streets, San Francisco. Ministers and members of Congregational churches are always cordially welcomed at these meetings. Visitors to the State from the East or elsewhere, are specially invited to find the place, and thus make the acquaintance of their brethren here.

The annual meeting of the General Association of California, will be held with the Congregational Church in Santa Cruz, Wednesday, October 8, 1873, 10 o'clock A.M. The sermon before the Association will be preached by Alternate, Rev. J. K. McLean, of Oakland in the evening of the same day. Every recognized Congregational Church is entitled to send two delegates, or one delegate for every fifty members in excess of one hundred.

J. H. WARREN, Registrar.

The California Theological Seminary Association will hold its annual meeting in connection with the General Association, in Santa Cruz, Oct. 9th, (Thursday) at 10 o'clock, A.M., to hear reports, elect officers and nominate trustees. The following subject will be open for free remark, in which all are invited to participate, "What shall we do for our Seminary?" I. E. DWINELL, Pres.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.—Come! I am speaking now to delegates. Of course the ministers and their wives will come; they don't need any special invitation—they always come. But business men sometimes allow themselves to be prevented and miss the opportunity. Their presence and help and counsel are also greatly missed in the meetings. Don't allow anything to prevent your coming. The journey will be usefulness, enjoyment and recreation, all combined. Plenty of doors are open in Santa Cruz; plenty of hospitality is in waiting. The ways of coming and the cost are as follows: From San Francisco, by rail and stage, on the morning train to Santa Clara; thence by stage, across the mountain, thirty-five miles, arriving at Santa Cruz at 5:30 P.M.: Through fare, \$4.50. Few mountain rides in the state surpass this in interest. Or from San Francisco, by same train, around to Pajaro Station, Watsonville, and thence, by stage, twenty miles, arriving at Santa Cruz at 6 P.M. Through fare, \$5.00. By Steamer Santa Cruz, which leaves San Francisco on Tuesday afternoon and arrives at Santa Cruz by 7 o'clock Wednesday morning. Returning, the steamer leaves Santa Cruz on Friday evening, just in time for those who must leave immediately after adjournment, and cannot stop to enjoy the recreation of a few days, by the sea-side or on these mountain sides. Fare, by favor of the line, \$2.50, each way. Stages leave Santa Cruz at 7:30 Saturday morning, and passengers reach San Francisco about 5:30 P.M.

S. H. WILLEY,

Chairman Provisional Committee.

The Rev. John Lord, LL.D., the celebrated lecturer was last week introduced by President Gilman to a Pacific Coast audience, gathered in large numbers at the hall of the Mercantile Library Association. The lecturer came hither under the auspices of this Association. It is a source of gratification to us to learn that the lecturer was so warmly greeted by so numerous an assembly, and that he succeeded in interesting them so deeply in his theme. A very successful as well as profitable course of lectures is thus assured. It is much to get our people to think and feel on subjects above those which are sordid and

material, "above the transient and corrupting in common life;" and to enter for a time "the world of exalted and glorious ideas, even those of grace, beauty, majesty, truth." And we are ready to thank the committee and the lecturer for what they have already accomplished or made certain.

The steam propeller, *Costa Rica*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, laden with passengers and freight from Honolulu, was wrecked in the fog, inside of the Heads, not far from Lime Point, one night early last week. Her passengers were all saved and a part of her cargo. It is not yet settled whether the officers were careless, or were misled by the faulty sounding of the fog-whistles. It seems a strange thing that a vessel should be in greater peril within three or four miles of her anchorage, and inside of a harbor than out on the broad ocean. Yet so it often is, with ships and with souls. On the broad expanse of freedom there is less danger than in the narrowed limits of constraint, even when the constraint leads to the bosom of safety, and to a mooring amid the beautiful islands of our longing.

Several years have elapsed since the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church was last held in this city. It convened last week, and adjourned Tuesday. The presiding bishop, Peck, was well known to us in former years, having preached in California from '58 to '68. This body of Methodist ministers now embraces, of all sorts, about 150 preachers, of whom nearly 130 were at this meeting. A division of the Conference was not made this year, but it will soon come. The great amount of routine business in a Conference renders it tedious when the membership reaches a hundred. We were glad to see again the face of the Rev. Dr. Briggs—stationed East the last few years—whose first work in this state was by our side, at Sacramento, in 1851. Twenty-two years have advanced him, as well as others of us, to the meridian of life, or beyond; but he is hale and hearty. We take off our hat to the Conference. May its shadow never be less!

The paper published in this city under the name of the *Catholic Guardian*, last week printed a reply to a request of ours for its views concerning an act of abuse and persecution of Protestants which took place not long ago in Northern Mexico. The reply was as follows: "It appears that a band of Protestants were worshipping in the streets of San Pedro, when they were set upon and beaten, and one of their number killed. We think this was decidedly unfortunate for the gentleman that was killed. The mob then broke up the furniture of the church and violated the women. We think these facts infamous and deserving of the severest punishment, and unite in a call upon the Government of Pueblo to search out the participants in the crime and bring them to speedy justice. For the whole affair we have the severest condemnation. We are utterly opposed to persecution for religious belief." The *Guardian* hopes the answer satisfactory. We are not specially disappointed by this answer, but it is not altogether satisfactory, because a part of it savors so much of flippancy, levity and slang. The *Guardian* wishes to know why it has been appealed to in this case. Because here were members of God's church catholic, rudely assaulted, beaten, and otherwise injured, and this "organ of catholicity" had never alluded to the matter at all, and we wished to know what it thought, supposing it knew of the occurrence. The *Guardian* is gravely because we prefixed the word "Roman" in brackets to the title of the paper. We have not room to-day to make a full statement of the reasons which might justify the use of that prefix; but we will briefly say that, without the prefix, the title seems to us inexact, pretentious and arrogant. And, inasmuch as the *Guardian* solicits us to ask more hard questions, we should like to have it tell us why it insists on calling the *Independent Defender*, of this city, the *Independent Defender*?

The Presbytery of San Francisco held a rather spirited and refreshing meeting in this city last week. Early in the session the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, of the Howard Church, offered a resolution directing the clerk to drop all honorary titles, whether prefixes or suffixes, from the names of the members. The resolution, after a sharp and vigorous discussion, was lost by a decided majority. In this, no doubt, the Presbytery kept on in the line of venerable precedents, of which our Presbyterian brethren walk sufficiently in awe, but Dr. Carpenter was right, nevertheless. Ecclesiastical bodies should wholly omit titles that are not both ecclesiastical and necessary. D.D., LL.D., and other such, are not

properly ecclesiastical titles, but rather literary, scientific, military, historical, genealogical, and social; and can easily be dispensed with in meetings for religious purposes and accounts of the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies.

From a cotemporary we are glad to know that "the State Fair was a success. It called together the largest crowd ever assembled; the display at the Park was better than that of any preceding exhibition, and at the Pavilion creditable. Financially it was a great triumph. The ordinary receipts were nearly thirty per cent. above those of the corresponding days of the last Fair. In the four days ending on Thursday night they amounted to over \$13,000. The stock show was superb. We do not believe any other State Fair in the Union can show as well." We could not go, nor was our chosen representative able to be there. We hear that the heat was, during some days, intense, and diminished the efficiency and the enjoyment of the occasion. Once more we wish to put on record our protest against so much attention being given to the "speed programme." "The perfect horse," we know, is something to be desired, but at an agricultural fair we prefer the presence of those "whose talk is of bullocks," sheep, goats and swine, to those who speculate on the speed of horses, and are not themselves always of the right breed of men. "Speed the plow," and elevate the plowman.

The Salt Lake Tribune, of Sept. 10th, brings us an article, which we condense as follows: "The Rev. H. M. Storrs, D.D., one of the Secretaries of the A. H. M. S., preached on Tuesday evening to a large and intelligent audience in the Congregational Church, or Independence Hall. Public expectation, which had been pitched high in advance, was more than met by the masterly and thrilling discourse of the preacher. At the close of the sermon, Rev. Mr. Warren, Superintendent of the A. H. M. S. in California, announced that at a meeting in the church in the afternoon a paper had been signed by a number of Congregationalists, which would be forwarded to New York city. A minister who will ably and truly represent the denomination, would be commissioned as soon as practicable, to take charge of the church here. Twenty or more are ready for immediate organization. Rev. Dr. Storrs, in a few incisive words, explained the polity and principles of Congregationalism, and emphasized the fact that such a church would be supported here. He asked the friends to be patient for a few weeks, until the man could be found who would meet the wants of this important field. The property of the church has been looked after by such men as Sharp and David Walker, Major Hempstead, Gen. Connor, Judge Robertson and other leading men, who have served as its Trustees since 1866. It is now worth from \$15,000 to \$20,000. It is safe to say that the prospects of Congregationalism in Utah are brighter to-day, than ever before. During the brief stay at Salt Lake, the Rev. J. H. Warren and Dr. Dwinell, of Sacramento, also preached each a sermon."

Last week was one of panics and failures in financial circles, at the east. The two most prominent firms that suspended were Jay Cooke & Co., and Fiske, Hatch & Co. These firms had been largely concerned with railway bonds, and other such securities as could not be turned into money in a time of stringency; and when they failed, nearly all confidence was lost in the solvency of other houses. These disasters do not directly affect us who live on this side, but we fear they may hinder the effectiveness of our appeals to eastern friends for funds to aid our christian work out here, and may embarrass the action of those great benevolent organizations, without whose aid scores of our churches would languish, and many enterprises end in sorrow.

A Remarkable Conflagration.

The buildings of the California Military Academy, in Oakland, were burned last Saturday night, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock. The dwelling-house of the proprietor, Rev. D. McClure, was saved from the flames by dint of great exertion, and by the destruction and removal of a connecting wing. The fire caught, we know not how, in the barn, which was not a large one, but filled with hay and other combustible materials, and surrounded by a half a dozen sheds and other small out-buildings. The barn stood about thirty feet from a corner of one of the main structures, and there was a shed between it and the piazza of the main building. This shed was the fatal mischief of the hour. Had it been removed in time the fire might have been confined to the barn. When we first saw the fire we had not the slightest doubt

about the safety of the establishment generally; it seemed so easy a thing to prevent the fire from spreading. But so little water was near, and so much time wasted on the barn itself, that it soon became too hot to remove the intervening stuff, and so, in spite of wet blankets, and in the absence of anything that could throw a stream of water forty feet, the main building caught in piazza and cornice about half an hour from the beginning of the fire. By that time hundreds of men were on the ground eager to do something, but, through lack of fire hose to reach to any good supply of water they were able to do nothing except to assist the young men in the removal of their goods from their rooms, then evidently doomed to destruction. Fortunately, while the fire was consuming the main structure, creeping from the east end toward the west end where was located the connecting wing, which was torn away, a small supply of water was obtained, and the fire department, though quite inadequate to the occasion, had an opportunity to render some efficient service in addition to what was being done by the Hook and Ladder Company. To keep the house wet till the fire had consumed the armory was a task, but it was done, with the help of blankets and carpets, and the dwelling came out of the conflict scorched and scathed, yet saved. It was a narrow escape, and every heart was gratified and cheered. By one o'clock the spectators had retired, and there remained only the smoking ruins. The pupils had retired for the night before the alarm of fire was raised. They had, however, plenty of time to rise, and remove some of their clothes, books and furniture before the heat and smoke drove them from the buildings. The immediate loss to each of the young men cannot be great. The loss to Mr. McClure must reach \$20,000 or \$30,000, secured in part, we hear, by a policy of insurance. The embarrassment he will experience will be serious, in carrying on his school under difficulties. His buildings are gone but his school remains, and can be re-gathered in temporary quarters while the reconstruction proceeds. The results of toil some years have thus been in part swept away, but hope, heart, courage and will remain; and these, with God's help are the mightiest things in our world. Mr. McClure has the warmest sympathy of everybody in his misfortune; and, though we know nothing from him of his plans, it is certain that his institution is not buried out of sight beneath the ashes that cover merely a thousand square feet of ground. We wish it might come to pass that no more large school-buildings should be constructed entirely of wood. Brick or stone should be used. It is very much, when a fire comes, if even half of the surface exposed will not burn; certainly not without a furnace heat. A good structure of brick will outlast two of wood, whether against the tongue of flame or the tooth of time, and it cannot cost twice as much. Let us learn to anticipate the future, build our large edifices of brick, and so wisely trust, rather than presumptuously tempt, the good Providence that rules the world.

Instead of the

Week-Day Lecture.

BY THE REV. A. L. STONE, D.D.

ADOPTION.

One of the most beautiful and touching analogies out of human relations, by which the spirit of inspiration expresses God's love to us, and our relation to God, is shut up in this word, "adoption." It may be a comfort and lesson to some soul if we dwell for a little upon the significance and point of this tender and impressive symbol.

Adoption implies that we had no claim upon God for the offices of a Father.

Here is a homeless, friendless child, with none of her kin spared to her to shield her from want and suffering. She must tread a desolate, flinty path; she must encounter as she may the buffetings of an unkind world. A bleak, lonely way, far from the sunshine of love and sympathy opens before her. The hearts that should beat to hers; the hands that should have toiled for her; the eyes that should have waked and watched for her; the roof that once sheltered her—by death she has been bereft of all. She is an orphan. "Father," "mother," she speaks no more those beloved names, save in the bitterness of memory, the anguish of her desolation. There are a thousand homes around of her wealth and plenty, where the voices of domestic communion make music all the day. She cannot go to any door of them all, and, showing her pale, thin face, and eyes and tattered array, ask to be taken in, to be permitted to stay, to make that spot her home, to share, as her own, the prodigal com-

forts there, to be treated as a child, loved, caressed, cared for, decked and tended like any daughter of the house. She has no natural claim; she can plead no ties of blood; her name, her lineage, her look, are all alien to the happy household so unconscious of her sorrowful thoughts as she shivers past their door.

If, now, one of the masters of these pleasant mansions seek her out, and say to her, "Come, leave the rounds of misery and beggary, come to my home, dwell with me, I will be a father to you, and you shall be my child; you shall take a daughter's place, and be called by my name, and be dowered out of my treasures;" she must feel that he has done to her an exceeding kindness, to which she had no claim by the bonds of nature. It is all gift, grace, favor, free and large-hearted.

This point of the analogy now we may press. God's adopting love to us is unmerited, gratuitous, a response to no claim. Ever must the adopted child sing in gratitude.

"Jesus found me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed with precious blood."

All the privileges of sonship, all the tenderness and claims of this relation, we had renounced by our disobedience and rebellion. The family likeness we had defaced, by blotting God's image on our heart. The family name we had refused to wear; aliens, outcasts were we; miserable beggars for world's pence and crusts, when God's passing goodness stooped to us, and whispered, "Wilt thou not, from this time, say unto me, 'My Father, be thou the guide of my youth,' and welcomed us to membership in his holy, happy family.

Adoption implies again that God desired filial love—an object of his paternal kindness. It will not be difficult for us to conceive the feelings of one seeking for a child to become, by adoption, his. He feels a want; he longs to exercise the affection of a father. There are none under his roof to whom he stands in this coveted relation. Perhaps he has always been denied this good of his desire. Perhaps some child voice once prattling there, is silent in the grave. He looks about among the fatherless for one that he may take to that childless home; one that shall render him the affection of a child, in whose filial tenderness and truthfulness he may trust; toward whom he may indulge the luxury of loving, protecting, providing. Sometimes it is the impulse of a mere humanity that leads one to put the name of son or daughter upon a strange scion of another stock, but oftener there is an indefinable longing for the relationship and all the mutual offices it legitimates.

Now we may reverently infer that there is in the divine heart this desire for filial love. God would be loved, trusted, confided in, by children—children sprung from the loins of his creating energy—the children of his renewing grace. Oh, he would hear voices in all the thoroughfares and dwelling places of earth, calling him Father. It is an infinite pleasure to him to be so addressed out of the fullness of a heart without guile. How pathetic is that lament of old, which sounds out over the wastes of sin, cadences of anguish from God's lips, floating down the ages, "Hear, oh earth! and give ear, oh heavens! for the Lord hath spoken, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.'" And then the bliss of imparting the riches of his paternal bounty and goodness to grateful children, to minister to their need, watch their nightly rest, guide their daily walk, heal their hearts, soothe their grief, dry their tears, train them by wise and salutary discipline: how that infinite heart of benevolence must revel in such joy. And what sincerity and volume there are in the Divine invitations to us to enter into such an alliance with the Almighty Parent!

Adoption implies, also, the exercise, on our part, of filial feelings, and the exercise, on God's part, of parental kindness and faithfulness.

And beside all the relations and blessings of the present, Adoption includes the promise and prospect of an inheritance. The analogy were very incomplete without this point of correspondence. We are heirs then, heirs of God through his adopting grace. We shall inherit by and by. We shall come of age, and enter upon our estate. God will not cast us back into our original penury. He will nobly portion our majority. He has prepared and made ready our portion. It is laid up for us. It is inconceivably rich and precious. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things God hath prepared for them that love him." When we enter upon this great inheritance we shall understand the fullness of God's adopting love.

Religious Intelligence.

The West.

Rev. A. C. Duncan, B.D., of the late graduating class of the Pac. Theological Seminary, who, since his graduation has been preaching in Susanville, Lassen county, of this state, was ordained as an evangelist, by council, on Sunday, Sept. 14th. The sermon and right hand of fellowship, by Rev. J. K. McLean; ordaining prayer and charge, by Rev. J. H. Warren. This interesting service was performed in the presence of a large audience, most of whom were regular members of Mr. Duncan's congregation. To many this was the first ordination they had ever witnessed, and will be long remembered by them with pleasing and profound interest. Mr. Duncan has grown steadily in favor with his people since his first arrival, both as an able preacher and consistent christian. His congregation often crowd the large court-house, and his prospects of doing great good are most encouraging.

A Congregational church, embracing fifteen members, was duly organized last Sunday, in Yountville, Napa county. The council met on Saturday, Rev. W. L. Jones being chosen Moderator, and Rev. G. F. G. Morgan, Scribe. The public services consisted of a sermon, by Rev. W. L. Jones; constituting prayer, and fellowship of the churches, Rev. Geo. Moor, D.D.; address to the church, Rev. J. H. Warren. One received the rite of baptism. Supplementary services were held in the afternoon, when an appropriate sermon, by Dr. Moor, was delivered, and the deacons elect were ordained. Although the church is to be supplied at present regularly only on the third Sunday of each month, it looks forward to vigorous work when the time shall come. From the character of its members we predict for this sixty-third church of our order in this state, a true church work and helpful cooperation in the cause of Christ.

In Susanville, Lassen county, a Congregational church of fourteen members, (ten of them on a first profession) was organized on Sunday, September 14th. Rev. J. K. McLean was Moderator of Council, and Rev. J. H. Warren, Scribe. The sermon on the occasion was by the Moderator, also the fellowship of the churches, prayer and address to the church, by Rev. J. H. Warren; benediction, Rev. A. C. Duncan. This church starts off with the strength of a unit, and enters upon its work in an important field with every prospect of success. It has attempted to be self-supporting. The new enterprise is eminently favored with the good will and sympathy of the people, not only of this place, but of the region round about. It has received material and substantial tokens of their good will.

Rev. Norman McLeod, late of Salt Lake City, has received and accepted a call from the church in Seattle, W. T. In voting this call the church also voted itself self-supporting. It had just before called Rev. Mr. Rosboro, but on hearing that Mr. Rosboro would likely enter another field, before informing themselves of the facts, reconsidered the call and secured the man who was on the ground.

The eleventh anniversary of the Sunday-school connected with the Third Cong'l Church in this city, was held Sunday, September 14th. The exercises consisted of the recitation of the "Old, Old Story," by the school, singing by the infant class, and addresses by J. M. Haven and Rev. Edward P. Baker. The church was decorated, a large audience present, and the whole occasion interesting and enjoyable. The report of A. T. Ruthrauff, the Superintendent, showed a good degree of prosperity.

Rev. Mr. Girard, of Reno, Nev., has been sent by the A. H. M. S. to take charge of the Congregational Church at San Bernardino. Rev. O. Clark, lately of Iowa Falls, Iowa, will take charge of the church at Reno. Mr. Girard wishes all letters and papers for him addressed to San Bernardino, Cal.

The twentieth anniversary of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society was celebrated at Platt's Hall last week. This Society was established August 4th, 1853. It now has under its supervision a Home, where destitute girls under the age of 14 or over 2 years, and boys under 10 and over 3 years, may be received and provided for until permanent homes in christian families can be secured for them. The adults in the Home are embraced under two classes, those who are able to labor and who are received temporarily until they can obtain employment; and those who, by reason of age or infirmity, are incapacitated for exertion and are without means or friends to care for them. The building of the institution consists of a main building and a north wing, both two stories high, and cost upwards of \$40,-

to work, and by a most skillful

Home Circle.

The Old Man in the Model Church

BY JOHN H. TATES.

I. Well, wife, I've found the model Church! I worshipped there to-day! It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray. The meeting house was fixed up more than they were years ago. But then I felt when I went in it wasn't built for show.

II. The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door; He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me through The long aisle of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

III. I wish you'd heard that singin'; it had the old-time ring. The preacher said with trumpet-voice, "Let all the people sing!" The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled. 'Till I thought I heard the angels, striking all their harps of gold.

IV. My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir. And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

V. I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that song once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form, And anchor in the port forever from the storm.

VI. The preacher? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read; He hadn't time to read it, for the lightening of his eye Went flashing "long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by."

VII. The sermon wasn't flowery, 't was simple, Gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth. 'T was full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'T was full of invitations, to Christ, and not to creed.

VIII. The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews; He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pearls. And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very near.

IX. How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place; How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face. Again I longed for that sweet time when friend and foe Shall meet with friends, "Where congregations near break up, and Sabbath have no end."

X. I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too— In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue. I doubt not, I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

XI. Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory be won; The shin's goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run. O'er the river we are near; they are thronging to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

Carrie's Hospital.

Carrie was very busy in one corner of the nursery. She had taken all her large blocks and arranged them in rows of three, a little way apart, and spread a white cloth over each row; so that they looked like small, narrow cots.

On each of these cots lay a doll, six dolls in all, of various sizes, some of them belonging to Carrie and some to Jessie, her little sister. She was walking up and down between the rows, going from one bed to another, and talking away to herself at a great rate in a low voice, when Aunt Jenny came into the room.

"What is this?" said she, coming up to Carrie's corner.

"S-h!" said Carrie, "you mustn't speak so loud here; it's the hospital!"

Carrie's father had been a chaplain in the army, before she was born, and he had often told her about the hospitals. "Oh!" said Aunt Jenny, "and you are the doctor, I suppose?"

"No, I'm the nurse, and you mustn't please say doctor, Aunt Jenny; there's some other name papa calls it—Oh! surgeon. You must say surgeon, for all these sick people have had dreadful things happen to them. Won't you be the surgeon?"

"Yes," said Aunt Jenny; "but you must wait until I get my case of instruments."

So Aunt Jenny went out of the room, and pretty soon came back with a small morocco box in her hand, and stepped up to the first cot.

"Ah!" said she, "a compound fracture of the leg. Severe, but not dangerous; very severe. The leg, I see, is entirely gone below the knee; it must have been shot off or cut off."

"Oh, no!" said the nurse. "She went to the menagerie, and the tiger bit it off."

"Terrible! And did he eat it up, too?" "No; they got it away from him at last, and here it is," Carrie flashed it up from the bottom of a small trunk.

"All right," said the surgeon, and opening her case of instruments, she went to work, and by a most skillful opera-

tion, the leg was soon in its place as good as ever.

"There!" said she, "I call that a pretty nice job. Not many sawbones could beat that. Keep her still for a day or two, and she will be able to use that leg as well as the other. Now for the next. Oh, this is very bad indeed! Skull fractured; brain exposed and protruding from the wound!"

"She lived in the top story of a house," explained the nurse, "and when it got on fire she was running down stairs, and she fell over the balustrade."

"She must be trepanned at once, or she will die," said the surgeon.

"What is trepanned?" asked Carrie.

"You surprise me, ma'am," said the surgeon. "A hospital nurse, and not know what the operation of trepanning is! Look at me, and you will see." And putting in her finger she lifted up at least half an inch of crushed-in skull.

"There! Hasn't she been delirious, talking about all kinds of things?" "To be sure!" answered the nurse; "she has talked all night about the fire."

"Of course," said the surgeon, "that was the pressure of the brain, which is now relieved. And now her eyes, which are very much affected, must be attended to. You see we remove this soft, white substance—the brain—and introduce this wonderful new instrument. There! And with a pair of tweezers, Aunt Jenny, as she spoke, skillfully put the eyes in place, stuffed in the brains, put a large piece of court plaster over all, and advised perfect quiet until the plaster should be quite dry."

"This boy," said the nurse, uncovering another patient, "was turning somersets in a circus, when he broke the vein in his leg, and the blood gushed out all over the floor!"

"Yes; I see he has lost a great deal of blood, and looks very thin; but I will fill him up again and sew up the vein, and then all he will need will be plenty of beef-tea, and no more somersets."

"You are a splendid surgeon, Aunt Jenny!" exclaimed Carrie, in ecstasies; "and Essie will be so glad, that is her boy. Do you think you can cure this one?" She is my favorite child, Emeline, and yesterday I left her playing on the floor for just a moment, and a great giant came along, and stepped on her head!"

But the surgeon shook her head very gravely over this patient.

"The jugular vein is severed and the neck is broken," said she; "and such cases seldom recover. However, I will take her to my house and see what can be done; to-morrow you may call, and I will give you my opinion of her."

"And here is the last one, Robinson Crusoe. There's nothing much the matter with him, except that he had the fever, and his hair all fell off." And nurse lifted up the unfortunate Robinson.

"Did you keep the hair?"

"Oh, yes, the skin came off too; see!" "Ah, well! We have a hair restorer which makes it grow on again in a few moments. Bring me that bottle with a brush in it, which stands on the shelf, nurse."

Then Aunt Jenny put lots of hair restorer on Robinson Crusoe's bald scalp, clapped on his lost wig, and then he was as good as new.

The next day, when Carrie went into Aunt Jenny's room to inquire about Emeline, there sat the young lady on the window-seat, the same Emeline, yet not the same, with bluer eyes, redder cheeks, unruined curls, and not a trace of the giant's heavy foot to be seen. Carrie looked amazed for a moment, then the truth flashed upon her, and she ran to her aunt, and hugged her so tight as to almost take away her breath.

"O, you dear Aunt Jenny!" she cried; "you've bought a new one! You've bought a new one! And she darted off to astonish Essie with the account of Emeline's wonderful recovery.—*Youth's Companion.*

Little Martha.

Aunt Martha came to spend the day with Kitty's mother. She took off her bonnet and shawl, and laid them in the best bed-room. Then she sat down in the parlor with her knitting. Kitty was on the floor building card-houses, and her mother was very busy sewing.

By-and-by Kitty got up from the floor, for she was tired of her house, and not knowing what to do, she went into the bedroom. There lay all Aunt Martha's things on the bed. Kitty shut the door, and tried the bonnet on before the glass. It was certainly large enough—there was room for all her curls.

She did not go back into the parlor, but her mother and Aunt Martha had so much to say, they did not think anything about her. But by-and-by Aunt Martha, who was sitting by the window, dropped her knitting into her lap—she saw such a queer little lady coming up the path to the front door.

"For mercy's sake, look here!" she exclaimed.

Kitty's mother went to the window and looked out. The queer little lady who was coming up the path walked in a very slow and dignified manner, with her head held very straight. The shawl was so long that it dragged on the ground behind her, and the wind blew her veil about; but she did not mind—she was so dignified. She had rosy cheeks, and brown curly hair, and her lips were set very prim and tight. She knocked at the front door, and Kitty's mother opened it.

"Who is this?" she asked, very politely.

"My name is little Martha," said the queer, small lady, in a prim voice.

"It is little Martha, is it? I am very glad to see you! Do walk in!"

So little Martha walked in, and was invited to sit in the large rocking chair. She smoothed her dress carefully as she sat down, and removed her troublesome

veil. Then she frowned at Aunt Martha who was so unkindly as to laugh.

"It is a very pleasant day, ma'am," said Aunt Martha, timidly.

"Yes," quite pretty pleasant, promptly replied little Martha. "I thought I'd call here before I went to the minister's."

"I'm glad you did," said Kitty's mother, cordially. "Do take your bonnet off, and spend the day."

"No, I never take my bonnet off," said little Martha. "I'm gaged; I can't stop long."

"I wish my little girl was here," remarked Kitty's mother. "I wonder where she is. Kitty! Kitty!"

But Kitty didn't answer. A smile trembled in the corner's of little Martha's rosy mouth, but she forced it back and held her head still straighter.

"I don't care 'bout little girls," she said, "I'm most forty!"

The front door opened with a bang, and in rushed Kitty's brother Tom, exclaiming:

"I've got my pocket full of candy. Father bought it down town, half for me, and half for Kitty!"

"Oh, Tommy! is it almonds and rock candy?" cried the queer little lady, scrambling down out of the rocking chair as fast as she could, and running to him.

"Yes, sir!" said Tom. "Let's go under the table and divide!" And under the table they went.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Aunt Martha, looking very much alarmed, as she picked up a shawl and bonnet from the floor. "Why, what has become of that nice little old lady, who was here just now? Did she faint away? Did she go through the floor? Oh, what shall we do?"

And Kitty giggled under the table—it was so funny to think that Aunt Martha did not know who the little old lady was!

Sympathy for Widows.

The hardest stroke of affliction that falls upon any human being falls upon a woman when her husband lies in a freshly made grave, and her children are driven by poverty from her door. Her husband was the one, only man of all the race to whom she had given herself in perfect love and confidence. His heart had, years before, inclosed hers. For years she had only lived for him and for her children. Now her very heart seems choked within her. How can it continue to beat when her heart of hearts is still and cold in death? She never felt her utter dependence till now. No man ever meets with a greater affliction than the loss of a good wife. But this can hardly be compared with a woman's bereavement in the loss of a true husband. The din of business, and continual contact with the world may serve to drive away and drown his grief. Then he is stronger, he is not dependent upon another for the means of living. He is accustomed to support himself and his family. So, though the desolation of his home and of his home and of his heart may be inexpressible, yet he may endure it better than one whose heart's idol and only earthly dependence are gone. He is the wall; his wife the ivy that clings to it. The ivy may fall, and the wall, though naked and cold, may stand. But when the wall falls, the ivy tapers, and bruised, lies prostrate amid the ruins.

At best, the condition of a widow is bad enough; but one left poor, with almost no knowledge of the world, with neither means nor ability to provide in a pitiable condition. I know of no sight more worthy of sympathy than such a woman kneeling beside her husband's coffin, heart-broken and helpless, with her little ones clinging to her for the care and protection which she can not give. And when she comes a little to herself and gathers strength enough to give or send them away, who can tell the anguish of her heart, as one by one they are torn from her arms? If any portion of the human family has claims upon our sympathies, it is these and such as these. If any should be treated tenderly and generously, it is these widowed and orphaned ones.

But religion is not altogether made up of sympathy. That religion which only weeps, and does nothing more, is not the religion of Christ. It is well to weep with those who weep; but if that is all, we might almost as well have spared our tears. It is right to cheerfully pay your taxes for the poor. It would be unchristian not to do. It is right to put money into the hands of the Church committee for the poor. This ought ye to do, and not leave the other undone. We are to show our personal sympathy by our personal presence. We are to "visit" the fatherless and widows in their affliction. We should certainly sometimes bear our benevolence in our own hands. A cheering smile may encourage a heart, or a sympathetic tear may soothe it, when more money may not keep it from breaking. The mind needs comfort as well as the body needs food and clothing.

There is a great deal of comfort, I grant, in these times, in a good load of wood, a ton of coal, a barrel of flour, or a quarter of beef; but a little personal attention, a cordial grip of the hand, a brotherly or sisterly word, fifty spoken, adds marvelously to such benefactions. Words without deeds are hollow and heartless, but deeds, however good and generous, without personal attention, lack one element of the highest and best benevolence. Our Lord sympathized very deeply with this class of the poor. Who can tell the depth of sympathy that moved his heart as he met the widow of Nain following her only son to the grave? It moved him to perform one of his greatest miracles—restoring to the stricken woman this

last solace of her breaking heart, her son alive again. There was one widow nearer to Jesus than any other, and through whom it was but natural that he should sympathize with all others—that was Mary, his mother. One of the last acts of his life was to provide for her. His life would not have been complete had he not, on the cross, said to his dearest friend, "John, behold thy mother;" and to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son." Is he not saying the same to some of us to-day? Remember that he accounts all that believe in him as his mothers, and his sisters, and his brethren.—*Northwestern Advocate.*

A Word Never Broken.

Building a bridge across the Niagara River below the Falls was once thought to be impossible. The banks of the river, as all know, are very high and steep, the distance across nearly an eighth of a mile; and the river here boils and foams so that no boat can stand the fury of the torrent a moment. Sinking piles and building arches was quite out of the question. Yet a bridge was built—a wire suspension bridge, so called because it had to be hung or suspended by cables driven into huge blocks of granite on each bank. The cables were made of twisted wire. The bridge looked like a spider's thread.

But would the cables hold? That had to be tried. How frightened the spectators were when the engineer drove the first carriage over! The bridge quivered to the horses' tread. When he reached the middle might not the weight snap it in two? Might not the horses grow restive and frightened? A terrible leap would be into the raging waters two hundred and fifty feet underneath! But he crossed in safety. The bridge stood the trial. Then it had to be tried by storms. Might not a heavy gale wrench the cables from their fastenings? Gales and storms beat against it and it stood. Might not rust eat off the wires? Time would tell; and time proved that the bridge could be relied on.

"I am afraid to trust it, it looks so slender," said one of our party, shrinking back, when we visited the Falls a year afterward. "It has been tried," said the guide; "there is no danger; and we crossed in safety."

A new steamboat has to be tried before passengers and freight can be trusted on board. A new railroad has its trial trips before it is thrown open to the public. A few years ago, at the opening of a railroad in Missouri, a train of cars filled with people, many of them gentlemen invited by the directors, set out from St. Louis on a trial trip. On swept the train. The party were in high spirits, when in an instant—crash, crash! Timbers split, joists snapped, one terrible plunge, and down went the cars through a breaking bridge into the river below, a heap of ruins. That bridge had been trusted before it had been tried.

We usually do not trust anything until it is tried. Boys dare not skate across a river until they have tried the new ice. The swing just put up on the tree is not deemed safe for the children until the rope is tried. A tried friend is a friend worth having.

The Bible tells us something that is tried. "The word of the Lord is tried." Its declarations are tried. It declares that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Its promises are tried. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." John Bunyan, the wild tinker-boy, went and found it so. John Newton, the swearing slave-captain, went and found it so. And how many all over the world are ready to witness, this day, that they went to the Son of God, and found him a very precious Savior from all their sins.

"The word of the Lord is tried." But are its threatenings to be relied on? Yes; when it says, "Be not deceived; neither thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." Judas found it so, when it says, "The wrath of God cometh on the disobedient." Poor king Saul found it so, when it says, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." You and I must experience this happy change before we can enjoy the blessings of that kingdom.

"The word of the Lord is tried." And what then? "He is a buckler to all who trust in him;" he is a sure friend. (Ps. 30.) In him are safety and protection from all harm—from the sad effects of sin in this world, and its dreadful consequences in hell hereafter.—*Christian Weekly.*

Mr. Matthew Arnold reports this year, for the first time, in his quality of inspector of schools in London, on the public elementary schools of the Westminster division. He expresses a hope that Latin will ultimately be adopted as a part of the regular instruction in the upper classes of all elementary schools.

"Of course, I mean," he says, "Latin studied in a very simple way; but I am more and more struck with the stimulating and instructing effect upon a child's mind of possessing a second language, however limited a degree, as an object of reference and comparison." He institutes a comparison between British and Wesleyan schools on the one hand, and national schools on the other, which is worth mentioning. In British and Wesleyan schools there is more of self-government, and of the life and vigor which accompany self-government, than in national schools; and Mr. Arnold explains this by the fact that the former schools are created and managed by the class which uses them, while national schools are, in general, created for the class which is to use them by people above it.

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Useful Information.

Does California Invite Immigration?

Our legislature has occasionally shown an interest in the immigration question, by appropriating small sums in aid of an Immigration Bureau, and has otherwise endeavored to hasten our development by making appropriations to Agricultural Associations; but we much fear that these efforts, most of which have been made at long intervals and in a desultory manner, have not altogether had the desired effect.

In the States of Kansas and Texas, which lie between us and the immigrants, legislation of a telling kind is taking place, to provide for the use of printers' ink. In Kansas, the Land Grant Department of the railroad company proposes to the State, that if the legislature will appropriate any sum from \$5,000 to \$20,000, to be expended in printing and advertising to induce immigration, the said company will duplicate the amount, the whole to be expended under direction of commissioners to be appointed by the governor. A Missouri paper commenting upon the subject, says: "We understand the prospects are, that the State will appropriate \$20,000, and the railroad companies an equal amount."

As there is much feeling in California on the railroad question, it is now a good time for the people to hear some such proposition from the various companies that own large grants of land; and also a proper time for the legislature to make a suitable appropriation to be expended in subscriptions for such newspapers as are established in the vital and fundamental interests of California. By their judicious and continued distribution for one year, to the thousands of libraries and reading rooms in the East, many thousands of people would gain such profitable knowledge of our State as would prevent them from being "corralled" on the plains of Kansas or the table-lands of Texas.

Who can estimate the number of well-to-do farmers, skilled mechanics, miners, manufacturers and wide-awake capitalists that, through this medium, might be induced to locate in California? And if, as Mr. Gift of Memphis in his letter to the *Alta*, says, each skilled working man who comes to California is worth \$2500 to the State, the small pittance appropriated for this purpose would soon return with many thousands of dollars in addition. Let us have \$20,000 from the next legislature and \$20,000 more from the various railroad companies which have land to sell, to be expended in subscriptions to newspapers to be sent to the East and Europe, and the whole immigration problem will soon be solved. We owe all our present prosperity and progress to immigration, and much of our future progress and development is dependent upon it; then why not show our faith by our works, and continue our well directed, energetic efforts, in the manner we suggest?—*Real Estate Reporter of the Pacific Coast*

New Tenement Houses.

Quite a large number of tenement houses are being built this season near the City Hall, and from thence out to Hayes' Valley. These are mostly of a first class kind, and will rent from \$60 to \$80 per month each. Several frame tenements of large size, containing from ten to twelve rooms each, are being built on Eddy street; sixteen in one row alone being put up near the corner of Larkin. Dealers inform us that the very best class of tenement brings a rental of \$125 per month, and the poorest kind, from \$12 to \$25. The latter class are of course, quite inferior. The best class of tenement houses are near Sutter and Leavenworth streets. Architects assert that a greater number of tenement houses are being built this season, than during any corresponding period for several years past. If the city had a Superintendent of Buildings, his records would show the exact number of houses constructed each month and year, as well as their class, cost and locality; and the public through the press could thereby ascertain the growth of San Francisco, and note comparisons with previous years.—*Real Estate Reporter of the Pacific Coast*

Servant Girls.

David Hobson, of San Jose, in the Farmers' Club at its last meeting, suggested bringing out a large invoice of girls from the Southern States. These women would work for from \$10 to \$15 per month. The employers, however, would have to advance the money to bring them here, as the girls could never earn that much where they are. He suggested that agencies should be established in the Carolinas, Virginia, etc., for that purpose. The girls there, he said, could get more than \$3 per month for their labor, and many would come here if they could get their passage paid. He thought this would be much better than employing the Heavens Chinese. The passage money would not exceed \$70 per head, and the girls would soon repay this sum from their wages. The girls are good workers, honest and capable.

The above suggestions contain the germ of what may prove of incalculable benefit to our State, if guarded by the proper legislation. While the evils of Chinese immigration are apparent to every thoughtful person, so much work stands ready for willing hands on this Coast, that many who deprecate the encouragement of this influx of heathen aliens feel obliged to employ them, through lack of efficient and cheap help of more congenial nationalities.

It is far easier to pull down than erect—to find fault with an existing evil, than point out or devise an efficient remedy. To aid in carrying out the plan above suggested, let our next Legislature pass such a law, legalizing contracts made between citizens of the United States, as shall secure to the person advancing the passage money of a girl to this Coast, her services for such a length of time, and at such a rate of compensation, as shall be mutually agreed upon; properly guarded against such advantage of its provisions as evil-minded persons might seek to secure through their use; and we firmly believe a most

desirable step would be taken towards bringing to our Coast a class of worthy and capable persons, who would prove valuable auxiliaries in the development of our varied resources, which we so much desire.

The burden of the unskilled kitchen help, which must, nevertheless, be paid the current wage of \$25 per month, led our wives to seek relief in the use of the Celestial; who has developed a talent for demanding higher wages fully abreast of his comprehension of instruction imparted under peculiar difficulties by the *mater familias*; until he is no longer looked upon as an invaluable auxiliary. While some who might be aided to come to California from the South, or other parts of the Union, might prove equally ignorant of their duties at the outset, the facility of imparting information in our own language, and the reflection that they were of our own blood, would encourage many a woman to persevere in a course which must result in increased happiness and comfort to both teacher and taught.—*Real Estate Reporter of the Pacific Coast*

Wonderful Invention by a Californian.

The problem hitherto offered for solution, upon which years of thought and toil, and untold thousands had been spent in vain, was to contrive an automatic machine to make a firm and true button-hole stitch, narrow or wide, at the pleasure of the operator, on holes of variable size, and in any kind of cloth, commencing at the inner end of the perforation, should follow up the straight side, around the head or eyelet, and return to the point of commencement, with every thread equally spaced, and always at right angles with the face of the cloth. This most difficult problem has been solved by M. Eugene Moreau, a skilled mechanic and engineer of San Francisco, and a graduate of the school of Arts and Trades of Paris, working in conjunction with J. W. Haggerty, an American mechanic, for many years connected with leading sewing machine factories East. Mr. Moreau's machine not only does all that has been asked, but even more.

It will make a good button-hole on loosely woven cloth with long nap, or fabrics which from their fineness would fray out of all shape under the hand of the best seamstress or tailor. The works, while a mechanical wonder, are so simple in operation that the winding of an Elgin watch is not easier. All that is required is to cut the cloth where the button-hole is wanted, fit it under the clamp—a guide compels the operator to place the cloth properly and then start the treadle. When the button-hole is completed, the needle stops automatically. The leading idea of the machine is a set of cams, of peculiar form, which move the clamp holding the cloth with every rise and fall of the vertical needle. The adjustment of the motion to either of the eight sizes of holes which each machine is adapted for, is managed by sliding a button and bringing another face on each set of cams into play, much as the movement of the band changes the tune of a musical box. The stitch is made by two threads, with a vertical needle and a shuttle, and is known as the double lock-stitch.

This machine has taken four years of continuous work, and a very large expenditure of time, experiments, and afterwards in perfecting all the parts, nearly \$100,000; but the prospective value amply rewards the inventor and his associates. In 1870 there were manufactured not less than 464,000 of all kinds of sewing machines in the United States. The Moreau Machine Manufacturing Co. are now exhibiting an improved and adapted to the most popular and general use. The practical button-hole maker has no advantage in using the Moreau, over any woman who can thread a needle and work a treadle. The clearest and quickest seamstress must now hand the palm for beauty, finish, and amount of work, to the novice who handles this machine. The Moreau Machine is now on exhibition at the industrial establishment of Messrs. Heppner & Feld, No. 409 California Street, before being shipped to New York, where arrangements for its manufacture and introduction are being perfected. All who are interested in machinery, or in domestic or manufacturing sewing, are invited to call and examine it.—*Bulletin*

California Mismanagement.

The *Calaveras Chronicle*, in an article on the resources of Calaveras, and the waste of raw material, makes statements which are applicable to several other California counties. The following are extracts:

The soil of Calaveras is fertile, and large quantities of cereals are annually grown; but we have no flouring mills. The vine flourishes almost spontaneously, and the early yield of apples, peaches and other fruits is limitless; but we have no distilleries. The finest quality of iron ore is found in abundance, but the first furnace is yet to be erected. The supply of timber is endless; but with the exception of a few saw-mills, there are no lumber manufacturing establishments.

There is no lack of mill sites, and we possess every advantage that can be desired for the prosecution of that branch of business. We export wheat and import flour. The cost of the double transportation has to be paid, and eventually it comes out of our pockets. * * * Thousands of bushels of apples, peaches and plums are annually rot in the orchards of Calaveras, and the present year is no exception to the general rule. Home consumption is not equal to one-half the production, while the distance to a market precludes exportation. Labor is so high that drying and preserving fruit cannot be made profitable, and in many instances it is fed to hogs, or permitted to rot upon the ground. Distilleries were erected in central locations, fruit would always have a nominal value at least. It would bear a price that would pay for gathering and hauling, and leave a margin for profit. By this means, horticulture would be encouraged, one of our principal resources utilized, and an impetus given to business. The same is true of the grape vine. A considerable wine is manufactured, but over a half of the production of our vines is wasted. If distilleries were put in operation, thousands of gallons of wine and brandy would annually be manufactured from what is entirely worthless under present circumstances. When we have the aid of flouring mills, distilleries, furnaces, forges, planing mills and woolen factories in utilizing the resources at our command, Calaveras will boast a prosperous community.

The English Lower Middle Class.

At the present moment, the condition of the lower middle class of England is pitiable in the extreme. They are thrust aside and disregarded in politics, they are sorely taxed in order to relieve those who are really richer than themselves, and the rise of prices has pinched them severely. While the working-men are trying the best joint of meat, fresh food is gradually disappearing from the middle-class households. In an even more vital matter—education—the working class have had the best of it, for their children are educated gratuitously at charity schools, while those of the independence of their parents, and the pressure of other expenses upon them, scarcely educated at all. To some extent this social revolution which is now going on is natural and inevitable. For every vacant clerkship there are hosts of applicants, while the number of coal-miners is rather becoming less. People who prefer light, genteel work for gentility; we can't all be gentlemen, except on very cheap terms. Those who do not mind dirtying their hands and risking their lives, have not only the power but the right to command handsome remuneration. All the same, this does not help very much to reconcile the middle class to being pushed down by those whom

they have hitherto regarded as their inferiors. On the other hand, the capitalists and landowners have been alarmed by the countenance which has been given by the government and the more advanced wing of the liberal party to the socialist progress of the working classes. The country, in short, is gradually being divided into two great parties—the party which maintains the rights of individual property, and the party which demands that all property should be held in common, and managed, under State regulation, for the general good. As yet the new lines of politics have not been very distinctly defined, but this is evidently what we are coming to. A certain section of the middle class is disposed, out of jealousy, to favor the socialists, under the impression that, in the meantime, their operations will help to diminish the wealth and power of the land-owners, and that they can be stopped before they are carried so far as to touch other kinds of property; and there are also some middle-class politicians who are willing to go any length in order to secure political power.—*London Letter*

TACOMA.—From the *Portland Bulletin*, of Aug. 21, we extract the following: "The Union Wharf Company of Tacoma, commenced the construction of their pile-work last Friday, abreast of the present wharf, connecting the new wharf with the west of the place being cleared for the railroad terminus. This wharf inspires additional confidence in McCarter town, and it is rumored the railroad company will connect this with their town site, with a broad avenue street and graded roadway, which is already being brought at their end toward the former place. The Starr Brothers have erected two large stores, with office, second story, at Tacoma. Captain Starr has two stores to let. C. P. Perry rents a dwelling of General McCarter. Mr. Quimby runs the Quimby House, and it is well filled. For society, they have it in great, if not in pleasing variety. A school-house, Episcopal Church, Congregational Union tent, with plank floor and seating-room, attachment between two saloons, are among the moral and intellectual elevators there. We have also one daily paper and a job office. Among the new business ventures are one bank, three stores from Seattle, two or more from Olympia, in whole or in part, and two firms are expected from San Francisco soon to branch there. The old town site slopes gradually down to the bay, while the new railroad site rises abruptly at the water from seventy-five to two hundred feet, but is more on the level than the former, with a fair view of Mount Rainier, and overlooking the upper bay and surroundings. Tacoma wants a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, a tannery, foundry, cooper shop, grist mill, shipyard, carter, factory, houses, stables, and, indeed, women and children to grow up and reap for themselves the fruits of the prosperity that is about to attend her."

THE METAL COMMERCE OF FRANCE.—The following table exhibits the imports and exports of metals into and from France during the last quarter of 1872:

	Imports.	Exports.
Iron ore.....	2,848,000	1,291,000
Pig iron.....	1,346,000	159,500
Bar iron.....	624,000	1,619,600
Rails.....	488,000	87,800
T and angle iron.....	12,500	nil
Sheet iron.....	261,800	1,361,000
Tinned and other plate.....	346,000	43,700
Thin sheet.....	7,374	nil
Iron wire.....	53,800	236,300
Steel, in bars.....	1,000,200	1,999,000
Steel, sheet.....	159,800	nil
Steel, sheet thin.....	23,300	nil
Copper, pure first fusion.....	7,023,900	892,000
Copper, beaten or rolled.....	59,700	473,800
Copper wire.....	1,500	5,000
Brass, first fusion.....	nil	198,900
Brass wire.....	46,200	nil
Lead ore.....	340,300	105,600
Lead, in pig, etc.....	3,548,900	933,900
Tin, in mass.....	3,099,200	77,700
Zinc ore.....	1,000,000	158,200
Zinc, first fusion.....	3,574,800	158,200
Zinc, rolled.....	6,300	490,900

NEW FARMING REGION IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The *Astorian*, of August 23d, has the following: "A portion of H. J. Stevenson's surveying party, at work on the Klaskanine, were in Astoria last Monday, and gave us some notes of their work. They are exploring a region which is as susceptible of cultivation in many places, as the plains and prairies of Illinois. Very many farms could be picked out where the land has been left by the hand of the Creator ready for the plow—no underbrush of consequence being in the way of work. The whole region is covered by a growth of one of those monster forest trees has been found in the locality of the Klaskanine, about six miles from Kamm's. It is a cedar, twenty-one feet in diameter, growing in a swampy place on the side of a precipitous mountain, and is fully 150 feet in height. About thirty feet from the ground it forks, and is adapted for splitting into several well-defined trees. This is located on the divide between the Klaskanine and Knappa. Mr. Stevenson's party have followed up the Klaskanine to its sources, where it is lost in innumerable small streams—not a lake, according to the common opinion. They report that the stream abounds in fish, and no finer water power could be asked for, than is supplied along it."

WOOD PAVEMENT.—Another failure of wood pavement is reported from Washington. The best in that city, on Pennsylvania Avenue, laid down about two years and a half ago, and warranted to last about eight or ten years at least, is stated to be rotting the whole length of the Avenue. This is but a repetition of the same complaints which have come from New York, Boston, and our own city. In Boston, the advocates of the wood pavement claim that the premature decay is owing to the fact that the wood was improperly prepared. To this it is replied, that under no system where there is considerable traffic can wood pavement be laid down of any length of time. In New York, public condemnation of wood pavement is increasing; and Commissioner Van Nort's reports show that he had underestimated the cost of repairing the present dilapidated wood paving, some of which was put down scarcely a year ago. Profiting by our own experience and the experience of New York, Washington and Boston, we must have no more wood paving in San Francisco.—*Bulletin*

GROWTH OF BOSTON.—A report of the annual valuation of the real and personal property of the city of Boston has just been completed. A comparison of the figures of the present with those of the preceding year shows a gain of \$1,000,000, with a total gain in real and personal estate of \$38,998,100. This is a very gratifying exhibit, considering the vast loss to which the city was subjected last November. The true gain is \$18,131,400, which is regarded as extremely satisfactory. The net increase in valuation of real estate amounts to \$26,802,760; this is actually more than two-thirds the total increase in the valuation of real estate in New York, which was \$39,544,715. The net loss on personal estate was \$8,671,500 while New York lost \$14,501,799. On the whole valuation, Boston gained eighteen millions, while Gotham, which had no great loss, gained twenty-five millions.

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234 Sutter Street, SAN FRANCISCO

Cosmopolitan Dime SAVINGS & EXCHANGE BANK.
No. 626 Montgomery Street.
Montgomery Block.
Guarantee Fund, \$100,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED EITHER IN GOLD, SILVER or CURRENCY and paid in kind, ON DEMAND, with SIX per cent. interest.
Term Deposits one per cent. per month.
Deposits are not loaned but used exclusively in dealing (buying and selling) Government, State, City and Bond, Currency, Gold and Silver, Coin and Bullion.
W. S. THOMPSON, President.
J. CROCKES, Secretary.

SAFETY
The recent test of Fire-Proof Safes by the English Government proved the superiority of Alum Filling. No other Safes filled with
Alum and Plaster of Paris
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, N. Y.,
721 Chestnut St., Phila.

CARDS BILL HEADS
By BACON & COMPANY,
N. W. corner of Clay and Sanson Streets.



HOME
This Machine combines all the points of excellence of the older Machines, and for beauty and elegance of finish, it is unsurpassed. It uses a SHUTTLE, a STRAIGHT NEEDLE and TWO THREADS; MAKES THE LOCK STITCH (alike on both sides)
It is the Lightest Running Machine in the World.
Call and see it, or send for a circular and sample.
E. W. HAINES, Agent,
17 New Montg. St., Under Grand Hotel Building.
Active Agents Wanted Everywhere.
We continue to sell that Household Gem, the

Home Shuttle Sewing Machine
PRICE, \$45.

THE Travelers Insurance Company OF HARTFORD, CONN.
Cash Assets Jan 1, 1873, \$3,559,945.46
Net Surplus, as to Policyholders, 795,371.58

The Travelers Insurance Co.
Offers peculiar inducements to persons desiring Life Insurance, in its low rates of premium, its liberal and definite contract, its sensible all-cash plan, its freedom from complication and mystery, its cash assets of \$165 to every \$100 of liability, and its economy and careful management.

The Travelers Insurance Co.
Calls the attention of business men, professional men and men of all trades and occupations (between the ages of 18 and 65), to the fact that it is the only Company in America writing yearly or monthly policies of insurance against general accidents—that such policies grant a fixed sum (\$500 to \$10,000) in case of death by accident, or a weekly indemnity (\$5 to \$50) for loss of time caused by non-fatal accident—that the cost of such a policy is but \$5 to \$10 a year for \$1,000 insured, for men men not engaged in hazardous occupations.

PACIFIC BRANCH OFFICE,
305 Sansome Street, San Francisco.
R. H. MAGILL, A. E. MAGILL,
Resident Director, Manager.

ROPE! ROPE! Pacific Cordage Company
THIS FACTORY NOW IN FULL OPERATION, is prepared to fill all orders for
MANILA CORDAGE,
AND
Hay Rope,
Of all lengths and varieties,
TARRED AND UNTARRED,
Superior Quality to any ever offered in this Market.
The Works of this Company are so situated that orders can be shipped DIRECT BY RAIL or WATER to any part of the State, when so desired by purchasers.
PACIFIC CORDAGE COMPANY,
J. D. FARWELL, Agent.
116 Front St., SAN FRANCISCO.

Coal Yard and Public Scales.
SEAW & SHARP,
IMPORTERS AND
DEALERS IN COAL
DEPOT:
14 and 16 Fremont St., near Market, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE FLORENCE
The FLORENCE is the best Sewing Machine for Family use, because it so seldom gets out of order. If there is one not working well in any place on the Pacific Coast, if informed of it, I will fix it without any expense to the owner.
SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 19 MONTGOMERY STREET, SOUTH (Grand Hotel Building), SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Send for Circulars and samples of the work. Active Agents wanted in every place.

TRADESMEN'S BOOKS
Posted, Daily, Weekly or Monthly
PARTNERSHIP ACCOUNTS
Balanced & Differences Arranged
JAMES CHAPLIN,
20 FIFTH ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Insurance Department.

The Benefits of a Tontine Insurance.

Life insurance on the Tontine plan, which was first offered to the public five years ago by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has become so popular as to attract attention to the nature of the benefits of this form of insurance. They arise from the fact that the excess of the premiums paid by those who are insured on the Tontine plan remains with the Society for a period of ten, fifteen, or twenty years (according to the option of the insured) to accumulate for the benefit of those members who live to the end of their periods; at which time the accumulation is to be divided among them proportionately.

Persons insured in these Tontine policies, by this mutual agreement allowing the surplus to accumulate for a definite period, may receive their proportion of the entire accumulations in one cash payment, and may also receive annual dividends thereafter, as on the ordinary plan of insurance, during the continuance of their policies. And the policyholders have the privilege, also, of withdrawing their entire interest in the funds of the Society, in cash. In other words, persons insured in Tontine policies have the option, at stated times, of converting their insurance into an endowment payable in cash, thus terminating the contract with the Society without loss to themselves.

The benefits of this plan are obvious. A husband and father provides for those dependent on his income for their support, by an insurance on his life. In the course of time, however, the life insurance may no longer be needed—the wife has died, the children have been educated and established in life, or circumstances have made it difficult for him to pay the premiums regularly; and it is, therefore, necessary to discontinue the insurance, or to change its form. Here now appears a benefit offered by the Tontine system, namely, the opportunity to change the insurance policy into an endowment policy, payable in cash. This plan of Tontine insurance must, therefore, commend itself to all persons who have confidence in their own promise of long life, and who are able to keep their policies in force until maturity. By these means, not only are the wonderful results of compound interest secured, but contrary to the usual operations of life insurance, the greatest benefits are secured to those persons who exhibit the greatest vitality. For, by the Tontine system, a man not only provides for those who are dependent upon his exertions for support, in case he should die prematurely, but he secures a provision for himself in old age, or in adversity—a provision which is available just when it is needed.

Mr. W. D. GARLAND is the Agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in San Francisco.

Publisher's Department

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

For the very best PHOTOGRAPHS go to the St. Louis Art and Photograph Gallery, No. 315 Montgomery street, San Francisco—Open on Sunday from nine o'clock till five.

"Even the ladies of the Russ House tried to dissuade me from going to Dr. Aborn, and if I had listened to them I would have been in my grave to-day."—Mrs. D. M. Kilpatrick. See Dr. Aborn's advertisement.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE.—Sanford's Liver Invigorator—a purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations. GRAY'S 7400

In these modern times the science of dentistry has approached almost perfection, and tooth-drawing has become comparatively a painless operation. Dr. Porter, lately from New York, has located himself at No. 22 Montgomery St., he is a skillful dentist, his charges are moderate, and—he is a Congregationalist. Our friends should pay him a visit, professionally, if necessary, if not, to welcome him.

Many of us find some difficulty in the selection of a lunch and supper place, and many of us go haphazard into the first we come across, frequently with much discomfort. To those who are deficient in this particular information we feel great pleasure in drawing their particular attention to the Oyster Saloon of Solomon Tesmore. You will find it in the California Market, the entrance on Pine street nearest to Montgomery, Tesmore is a first-class caterer, most civil and attentive to his customers.

There is no doubt, for we have proved it, that the bulk of the salt sold by groceries is of very inferior quality as compared with that imported from Carmen Island. The Carmen Island salt is pure and strong; chemically tested it is proved to be free from lime or other foreign substances; for table use it has no equal, and for dairy purposes its superiority is acknowledged. It would well repay the reader to visit the factory, 249 Stewart street, and when you want a supply, ask your grocer for Carmen Island Salt.

During a visit to Wm. G. Badger's elegant Piano and Organ Warehouses, Nos. 7 and 13 Sanson Street, we for the first time listened to the "Piano" stop, which gives to the upper half of the so justly celebrated Wood Parlor Organs the effect of a very fine-tuned piano, and which never requires re-tuning. The "Piano" can be played alone, or with any one or more sets of reeds; it adds greatly to the power of the organ, and gives to the whole instrument a quality of life and vivacity which must be heard to be appreciated. Go and hear it.

At this season of the year, when the short supply from our dairies increases the retail price of butter, and the difficulty, even at an advanced price, of obtaining that which is good, we do our friends a service by telling them that Collins, Wheaton & Luhrs, have made selections from the best dairies at the right season, and packed it in four pound glass jars, hermetically sealed. These jars have their name on them. A jar can be purchased at your grocers; we did so and found the butter excellent. If you cannot get a supply at the retailers, go to 210 Front street.

The huge, drastic, grinding, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or multum in parvo Physic. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules—scarcely larger than mustard seed—renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect. 25 cents a vial, by Druggists.

IXL. I excel—in what? Not in being a linguist, botanist, scientist, or any other kind of it; but, in being a first-class man of business. I have sufficient money for my trade; never buy on credit; always pay cash for my purchases, and outside of this, I am there as to the quality of the goods I buy, and not, therefore, to be taken in. Ergo, for what I sell, my customers may rely on getting their money's worth for I buy cheap I sell cheap. Do you enquire what I sell? Everything for use, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; and as to my name, it is cash! Come and see me at the IXL Auction Store, on the southeast corner of Kearny and Commercial streets.

Important!
Important!!
Important!!!
Very Important to Buyers of
DRY GOODS!

Sweeping Reductions
—AT—
MOSGROVE'S.

S. MOSGROVE & CO., IN ORDER TO REDUCE a large overstock, will offer FOR CASH ONLY the following lots: some

2500 yards Fine quality Silk Finish Japanese Poplin.....25c
3500 yards Very Superior Choice Stylized Japanese Poplin.....30c

NOTE THE FOLLOWING:

1000 yards All-wool Black Empire Cloth.....30c
1800 yards All-wool Extra Heavy Empire Cloth.....40c
1000 yards All-wool Extra Heavy Empire Cloth.....50c

Special notice is called to a large lot of Fine Quality all-wool

BLACK TAMISE CLOTH,
Nearly a yard wide—former price, \$1 per yard—we will now sell at

\$60c.25

The above are only a few of the more prominent lots offered, but buyers may rest assured that bargains will be offered in every department of our house. Call and test the matter. Compare prices and quality of goods and judge for yourselves.

S. MOSGROVE & CO.,
Nos. 222 & 224 Third St., near Howard.

P. S.—Ladies who want mourning goods, can do better at MOSGROVE'S than elsewhere. Call and examine goods and prices. sep20

Liberal Reformers' and Taxpayers' NOMINEE

JUDGE OF THE 19th DISTRICT, E. D. WHEELER.

DR. ABORN 213 GEARY ST.,
Above Stockton,
WHERE HIS OFFICES, LABORATORY,
AND RESIDENCE ARE NOW
PERMANENTLY LOCATED.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, OZANA
Asthma, Discharges from the Ear, Noise in the Head, Consumption, Chronic and Obstructive Diseases of the Kidneys, and all affections incident to the Eye, Ear, Head, Throat, Lungs and the Nervous system, yield most readily to the modern scientific method as practiced by DR. ABORN. The most difficult cases solicited. These diseases are treated by DR. ABORN with unprecedented success, as the many testimonials, given to him by prominent men who are well known in this community will substantially prove.
"TO THOSE WHO CANNOT CALL."—Those who reside at a distance, and cannot call personally, are hereby informed that they can be treated successfully at their homes without interruption to their business. Medicines, inhalers and other appliances, as each individual case may require, are carefully packed and shipped by express to all parts of the Pacific Coast and adjacent Territories.

ROCHESTER ESTABLISHED 1830. COMMERCIAL NURSURIES.

Trees ETC. If you wish to plant, send for our New Price List per doz. 100 or 1,000, Autumn, 1873, and save all commissions. Try it! Address, W. S. LITTLE, Rochester, N. Y.

WING & SON, The American Piano, NO. 423 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK. UNSURPASSED.

First Premiums wherever exhibited—Prices low for the quality—Large prices allowed for Second-hand Instruments in exchange.

From Mr. EDWARD HOFFMAN, the celebrated Pianist.

I conscientiously believe that your Piano is in every respect a most Magnificent Instrument.

From the "Independent."

"The American Piano" has deservedly become a very popular instrument.

Responsible Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Send for circulars to

WING & SON, 423 BROOME ST., N. Y.

DR. AIKIN, 504 Kearny Street,
Oculist, Aurist, Surgeon and Physician for Chronic Diseases.
Regular Graduate—Most reliable & skillful.

CATARRE, DEAFNESS, EAR DISCHARGES, COUGH, NERVOUS DEBILITY, EPILEPSY, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, CANCER, ULCERS, GOUT, FISTULA RUPTURE, DEFORMITIES, CROSS EYES, HAIR LIP, PILLS, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

All Eye, Ear, Lung, Liver, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Special Diseases.

Ladies, married or single, speedily cured of any ill health—Suppression, irregularities, Weakness, Pain, etc.

Young, middle-aged and old men permanently cured of Debility or Disease weighing on body and mind. No mercury or quackery.

Free Consultation. Medicines supplied.

Friendly advice—best treatment for all wanting Medical or Surgical aid, in city or country.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address N. J. AIKIN, M.D.,
Parlor and Office, No. 504 Kearny Street,
N. E. Cor. California, SAN FRANCISCO.

nov7

If you will try the

DIAMOND CATHARRH REMEDY
IF YOU WILL TRY THE
DIAMOND CATHARRH REMEDY
FOR YOUR CATARRH
OF THE BLADDER
OR OTHER URINARY AFFECTIONS
YOU WILL FIND IT A
GREATLY SUPERIOR
TO ALL OTHERS
ON RECEIPT OF
PRICE

REMEDY

You will recommend it to your friends.
It will remove all the trouble in breathing, clogging up of head or throat, headache, dullness and heaviness of mind, &c. &c. One bottle gives immediate relief, and a few bottles cure the worst cases of Catarrh and colds. All we ask is a fair trial to convince the most skeptical.

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS

are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. The CONCERTO PARLOR is the best of all organs. It is produced by a third set of reeds, and the EFFECT of which is most wonderful. It is a GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. It is a GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. It is a GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

A GREAT OFFER.
HARRIS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of 100 PARLOR ORGANS of first-class makers, including WATERS', at extremely low prices for cash, or part cash, and balance in small monthly payments. New 7 Octave Super-clear PIANOS, all modern improvements, for \$275 cash. Organ \$35, \$75, \$110, \$150, \$200, \$250, \$300, \$350, \$400, \$450, \$500, \$550, \$600, \$650, \$700, \$750, \$800, \$850, \$900, \$950, \$1,000. CATALOGUES MAILED FOR ONE stamp. A large list of count to Ministers, Churches, Sunday-Schools, Temperance Societies, Lodges, etc. AGENTS WANTED.

sep25

TARRANT'S SELTZER

PERSONAL.

Sufferer from indigestion.
All the drastic drugs decline.
What you need, beyond all question,
Is that remedy Saline,
TARRANT'S WONDERFUL APERIENT,
Duplicate of Seltzer Spring—
Tonic, Alternative, Cathartic—
Pure, refreshing, comforting.

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Washes Without Rubbing.

A. J. KANE'S AMMONIA BLEACHING SOAP.

MANUFACTURED AT
311 Battery St., San Francisco.

The Manufacturer of this Soap was the first to produce an article that Washes without Rubbing, and after five years' experience feels confident that he has produced an article superior to any manufactured.

One peculiarity of this Soap is the chemical combination of AMMONIA, the article recommended by the most eminent physicians, for bathing, and by chemists as one of the best chemicals known for cleaning Woolen and other fabrics.

It removes stains of grease, pitch, paint or oil, from Woolen Goods, Prints, Silks, etc. It is especially adapted to cleaning Woodwork, Oil Cloths, Silver, Tin Ware, etc.

This is a Family Soap to be used for all purposes that Soap is used.

KANE'S CONDENSED Washing Powder.

WASHES WITHOUT RUBBING.

Awarded the Silver Medal by the California State Agricultural Society.

This powder is made by a new process, known only to myself; it is a chemical combination of the finest washing compounds known, and is far superior to any other washing powder manufactured.

The popularity and immense sale of my Condensed Soap will be a sufficient guarantee for a trial of my Washing Powder.

Put up in the pound paper boxes and 10 lb. bulk.

Manufactured by A. J. KANE & SONS,
At No. 311 Battery street, S. F.

aug28

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

Be sure and call for
"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."
For sale by all druggists.

Commercial.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25, 1873.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Quotations, it should be understood, are intended to represent the wholesale prices obtainable for entire invoices.

Legal Tenders are quotable at 89½ buying and 90 selling.

DUTIES—Custom Dues are payable in gold coin only. Discriminating duties attaches on all importations in vessels not exempt from the discriminating duty. Unclaimed goods in store are subject to sale by auction at the expiration of one year. The standard ton is 2,240 lbs.

—

Bread—

DUTY 20 PER CENT. AD. VAL.

Pilot # 15..... 5 @ 6

Ship..... 4 @ 5

Crackers in tins..... 8 @ 9

Soda Biscuits..... 4 @ 5

Cakes in tins..... 8 @ 10

Candles—

On Stearine and Adamantine 5¢

By: Sperma, Paraffine and Wax, pure or mixed, 8¢ all others 2½¢.

Sperma # 15..... 34 @ 35

Paraffine..... 32 @ 33

Adamantine..... 13 @ 17

Grand..... 17 @ 18

Grove & Co..... 17 @ 19

Harkness' Wax..... 20 @ 21

Rosendale..... 3 @ 3 50

California..... 3 50 @ 4

Plaster, Cal'd..... 4 @ 4

Coal—

DUTY: Bituminous 75¢ on Slack or Slum

40¢.

Australian..... 10 @ 11

Bellingham Bay..... 8 50 @ 9

Cumberland cks..... 20 @ 21

do Anthracite..... 18 @ 19

Cannel..... 14 @ 15

Coos Bay..... 10 @ 11

Lehigh..... 14 @ 15

Liverpool..... 10 @ 11

West Hartley..... 12 @ 13

Seaside..... 10 @ 11

Vancouver Island..... 12 @ 12 50

Coffee (Free)—

Ceylon..... 19 @ 20

Costa Rica..... 21 @ 22

Gustamala..... 17 @ 19

Java O G # 15..... 25 @ 27

Kona, green..... 19 @ 20

Manilla..... 19 @ 20

Rio..... 19 @ 20

Cordage—

DUTY: Tarred, 3¢ # 15. Untarred Manila

3½¢, and others untarred 3½¢ # 15.

Manilla, Cal'd..... 16 @ 17

Tarred Cordage..... 13 @ 14

Blue Rope..... 16 @ 17

Flax Rope..... 15 @ 16

Cotton Twine..... 35 @ 37

Dry Goods—

DOMESTIC.

Drills, bro. 30 in..... 15½ @ 16

Sheetings, br. Stand'd 36 in..... 13 @ 14

Shirtings, 30 in..... 13 @ 14

Cotton Flannel heavy..... 22 @ 23

Cottonades..... 25 @ 26

Deans heavy 28 in..... 18 @ 19

Hickory stripes heavy 28 in..... 18 @ 19

Prints, Merm's & Cochecon..... 11½ @ 12

Ticks, heavy 36 in..... 18 @ 19

Cotton Duck 10 @ 10..... 48 @ 50

Kentucky..... 16 @ 17

FOREIGN.

Drills, blue 25 in..... 20 @ 21

Hickory Stripes 26 in..... 12½ @ 13

Cottonades 26 in..... 25 @ 26

Denims 36 in..... 12 @ 14

Table Damask bleached Un-

ion, 7-4 & 8-4..... 50 @ 75

Diaper, Russia..... 25 @ 26

Burpees, 30 in..... 14 @ 15

Print, 32 in English..... 13 @ 14

Sheetings br 36 in..... 13 @ 14

Flax Canvas, English No. 1

to 0, # 10..... 9 @ 14

Flour—

Alvino Mills..... 6 75 @ 7 25

Commercial Mills..... 6 75 @ 7 25

Golden Gate..... 6 @ 7 50

Santa Clara Mills..... 6 @ 7 50

Oregon..... 6 @ 7 25

Fish—

Sardines, half box..... 3 75 @ 3 80

Sardines, or box..... 3 75 @ 3 80

Cod, dry, # 15..... 5 @ 8

do Eastern..... 8 @ 9

Salmon, pickled, # 15..... 3 @ 4

do smoked..... 7 @ 8 75

Mackerel No. 1 # 15..... 9 @ 10 50

do No. 1 # 15..... 2 25 @ 2 50

Fruits and Preserves—

DUTY: Prunes # 15; Plums, 2½¢; Dates,

1¢; Currants, 1¢; Figs, 1½¢; Raisins, all,

1¢; Green, Ripe or Dried, not specified,

10 ¢ cent ad val; preserved in sugar,

brandy, or molasses, 35 ¢ cent ad val.

Prepared vegetables, meats, fish, poultry,

etc., 35 ¢ cent ad val. Walnuts, 3¢ # 15.

Apples, dried..... 6 @ 7

Peaches, dried.....